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The Shape of Things

SECRETARY MORGENTHAU DESERVES HIGH praise for his valiant fight for the Administration's $10,500,000,000 tax program. His criticisms of the feeble substitute passed by the House were unanswerable. He pointed out, for example, that the taxpayer would have to make as many as eighteen different computations before he could fill out his return for the House version of the Victory tax, and that at best no more than $161,000,000 would be derived from the 9,000,000 married couples affected by this tax. Mr. Morgenthau also criticized the increased corporation taxes proposed by the House on the ground that the change would only affect a few companies and these not the most prosperous. He answered the Republicans' allegation that income-tax payers could not stand a further increase by pointing to the fact that personal incomes had risen $80,000,000,000 since the start of the war, while personal income taxes had gone up only $19,000,000,000. Although Mr. Morgenthau failed to budge the rock-ribbed Finance Committee, he made it clear that the responsibility for our reckless and irresponsible program of war financing lies directly at the door of Congress. On the other major sector of the anti-inflation front, the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, prospects seem slightly brighter. Led by Senator Taft, several influential opponents of the subsidy program have proposed compromises which would, in effect, permit a continuation of the present program but would prevent the roll-back promised by the Administration. While acceptance of this compromise would avert an immediate collapse of the stabilization program, it would add new force to labor's demand for a revision of the Little Steel formula.

*

LAST JULY AND AUGUST, HAVING NOTHING better to do while Congress was in recess, Senator Butler of Nebraska made an intensive study of Latin America. Covering twenty countries—at an average of three whole days to a country—the Senator, who happens to be a Republican, found out that while the Good Neighbor policy had really meant something in the days of Hoover, Coolidge, and even James G. Blaine, under the New Deal it has degenerated into "rich uncleism," upsetting

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the whole economy of Latin America and exposing this country to hate, suspicion, and contempt. Butler has prepared an unsolicited 176-page report to show that despite our investment of six billion dollars in "boondoggling," Mexico today is "extorting tribute" from us, Peru is defaulting on old debts while contracting new ones, Paraguay is preparing for war against Argentina, Brazil is displaying a lack of reciprocal spirit, Argentina is using American money to compete with our own Standard Oil Company, and all the Latin American states are hoarding lend-lease war materials for eventual use against each other.

*

FORTUNATELY THE SENATOR'S REPORT IS more colorful than accurate. The Senate Appropriations Committee has all the figures available, and its acting chairman offered to go over them with Butler in advance of his presentation. Threatened with facts, the Senator hurried to the floor to tell all before it could be made generally known that we have spent not six billions in Latin America but approximately two, that of this amount well over one billion was for critical war materials, and that all items of expenditure have been approved by the two Congressional appropriations committees. Actually the Senator could not afford to change his report, however ignorant, because he had already compressed it into an article for *Reader's Digest* called Our Deep Dark Secrets in Latin America. (Note: the *Digest* plans to publish the piece in its South American edition together with refutations which its North American readers have not been privileged to read.)

*

WITHIN THE PAST WEEK A SPANISH Republican committee, under the name of the Junta Española de Liberación, has been set up in Mexico City. Created in the name of unity and apparently claiming recognition as a provisional governing group, the new junta seems destined to accentuate existing factional divisions. Indalecio Prieto, former Minister of Defense, is the leading figure in the movement, although for tactical reasons he has declined to head the committee. The junta claims to represent five parties and other organizations, but already the validity of its pretensions has been challenged. Some of the organizations represented in the junta are themselves divided and the dissenting factions are protesting the adhesion of their groups. Other important organizations have been left out altogether or have refused to join. It is known that the two powerful Spanish labor bodies, the U. G. T. (General Workers Union) with a predominantly Socialist membership, and the C. N. T. (National Workers Federation) which represents the workers of syndicalist tendencies, are outside the junta. So is the Communist Party. So are other elements represented in the Negrín Government. The position of the government was explained in detail by J. Alvarez del Vayo in *The Nation* three weeks ago. United action among Spanish Republicans is essential if the struggle against the Franco regime and the maneuvers of the Monarchists is to be effective. But there is little use applying the word unity to a new alignment which serves only to organize and crystallize existing political differences.

*

EVEN SYMPATHETIC FOLLOWERS OF THE career of Senator Gerald P. Nye regard him as a man who has traveled far on very little. Judging from the new line of argument the Senator has worked out, we would say he has traveled too far. "The American people," Nye told a press conference recently, "ought to become more isolationist if this peace becomes the incubator of a new world war." What follows? That Senator Nye wants us to see to it that the peace does not incubate a new world war? Not at all. "Every nation," he continued, "must retain its sovereign rights to be able to declare war whenever the people see fit." In other words, the Senator no longer thinks of isolation as a means of avoiding war but rather of war as a means of promoting isolation. Nye has long traded on a reputation as a pacifist and a liberal, an honest man who opposed American participation in the present war out of real conviction. But now the pacifist in him cries out for the divine right of sovereign states to make future wars, while the liberal in him, having denied the anti-fascist nature of this war, is determined that the war shall not disprove him by becoming anti-fascist. "The German people," he insists, "must be given the right to go back to fascism after the war if they want it." And together the pacifist and the liberal that make up the person of Senator Nye advise the world that "fascism essentially is not militaristic or aggressive." A million graves from Badajoz to Stalingrad testify to the enormity of that lie. When the Senator comes up for reelection next year, we hope the voters of North Dakota will agree that, whether faker or fool, Gerald P. Nye is ripe for retirement.

*

SOME OF GENERAL CLARK'S MEN WHO ARE now inching through the hills before Rome will not live to read about the concern for states' rights which 42 Senators have found more precious than soldiers' rights. Others will come home one day, but not more than a handful will ever read the devious debate which led the noble 42 to deny them the privilege of voting while at war. That is fortunate for the Senators, because their rejection of the Lucas-Green bill to guarantee the vote to the fighting forces was a day's work in which selfishness was compounded with hypocrisy. The measure was done to death, as Senator Guffey maintains, by "an unholy alliance" of Republicans, who knew the soldier-vote would favor their opponents, and Southern Democrats to

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whom states' rights and the poll-tax take precedence over every other consideration. It may well be that a few Senators voted to leave the soldiers' balloting to the necessarily ineffectual control of the states out of a genuine concern for constitutional law, but the comments of the victors reflect the real spirit of the debate. "The bill for establishing a Federal ballot commission," says Senator Moore, "was a bold last-ditch effort to herd our American boys into polling booths the world over and vote them en bloc for the New Deal." The oil millionaire from Oklahoma does not explain why a full vote would constitute "herding" or how the men could possibly be voted "en bloc," but it is easy to see what was on his mind. Nor is it hard to fathom the motive of Senator Eastland, who announced jubilantly that this vote "has put an end to any chance for the enactment by Congress of anti-poll tax legislation." There are 42 names here for service men to remember.

Cairo and Teheran

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

POLITICAL events are moving on two levels. One is the diplomatic level, and here great strides are being taken toward coordinating the strategy and aims of the great Allied powers. The start made at Moscow has been carried further at Cairo and Teheran. No longer will Britain and the United States plan joint action without regard to Russia's moves. No longer will Russia conduct its separate war in suspicious and hostile isolation. No longer will China, like a very poor relation, be expected to suffer and do its duty but not to ask for an equal voice in the councils of the Allies. The personal meetings of the four leaders have ended a long and dangerous period of political anarchy. This is a bad blow for Hitler; no tricks of Axis propaganda can blur the clear and ominous fact that his major enemies are at last planning and fighting together. Even the incredible stupidity of the censorship, which not only threw the press of the Allied world into total confusion but gave all the advantage to the propaganda agencies of our enemies, could obscure the valid achievements of the two conferences.

The agreements reached, or announced, are less important than the fact of the meetings themselves. But in Asia, at least, they are sufficiently concrete and bold to provide effective political ammunition. Today, for the first time since the war began, the world can see the outlines of the peace to come: Japan is to be stripped down to the dimensions of a Far Eastern California; China is to emerge as Asia's great power, its lost territories fully restored.

For Europe the announced plans are necessarily much less definite; we can scarcely ask to be told how or where the great unified assaults on Hitler's Fortress will be launched; it is enough for the present to know that plans have been concerted for the destruction of German military power, and that "complete agreement" has been reached on "operations to be undertaken from east, west, and south." From this wording we can safely assume that the second-front issue has at last been satisfactorily settled. In the political field the Teheran declaration goes no farther than to promise "concord" after the war and an effort to enlist "the cooperation and active participation of all nations, large and small," in the task of eliminating "tyranny and slavery, oppression and intolerance." Those are good words to throw into Axis Europe; they are not embodied in specific promises.

In both areas large gaps remain to be filled in. What about Hong Kong? What about the Pacific islands, large and small? What about Burma and Malaya and Indo-China? And, indeed, what about India? These territories, whether "liberated" by Japan or, like India, still under Western control, are useful weapons in the Axis arsenal as long as their future is uncertain. It is easy to sit down around a table and dispose of one's enemy's ill-gotten possessions. To do so without calling attention to one's own is difficult. As to Europe, it is unfortunate that no program for the future of Germany, at least as definite as that proposed for Japan at Cairo, could have been announced at Teheran. Hitler's slaves will be pleased to hear again that tyranny is to be abolished. They would have been roused to greater hope and stouter resistance if they had been told how this was to be accomplished and what sort of Germany was to emerge from the destruction of the Nazi power. But in spite of these unsettled items of business, unity between the chief Allies has become a working reality; and their intentions have been roughed out with broad strokes.

But events are moving on another level—the level of fighting and dying and carrying into effect policies that will provide the substance of the world order projected at the three conferences. Global plans and sweeping agreements are necessary as a basis for common action. Without action they are as empty of meaning as Hitler's promise of a fascist millenium.

Japan is to be shorn of its power and its empire. But the Allies are still nibbling at the vast perimeter of Japanese power. China is to be restored and strengthened. But meanwhile its internal economy is in chaos; the people are hungry; reactionary and defeatist groups sabotage the war or manipulate it for their own ends; and civil tension threatens to break out into open fighting. The substance that can give meaning to the promises made at Cairo lies in battles still to be fought on a hundred Pacific islands; in the reconquest of Burma; in the swelling total of American ships and planes. China needs rice, it needs medical supplies and war equipment.

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Chiang Kai-Shek needs powerful backing to help him overcome the ruinous inflation. Most of all, perhaps, he needs help in ending the bitter, demoralizing struggle against the Chinese Communists; if Russia's acquiescence in the Cairo agreement implies a policy of internal reconciliation in China, one great element of present and future danger has been eliminated. The promises made at Cairo will increase the prestige of Chiang and his supporters in the government, and improve the morale of the country as a whole. The tough job of making them come true is still to be done—from the Gilbert Islands to Sinkiang.

On the level of concrete policy and action in Europe, even more difficult problems lie ambushed. The decisions reached at Cairo and Teheran must find their meaning in the performance of the Allied powers in every struggling country on the Continent. It is hard not to fear that the vague character of the Teheran declaration reflects the too obvious differences that have marked Allied political strategy throughout the war. The conferees in Iran understood the need of unity, but did they accept its political implications? While they talked, the Partisans in Jugoslavia were setting up a new government in opposition to the Royal Government recognized by the Allies—Russia included. While they talked, popular demonstrations in Italy against the King and Badoglio proved that the policies of the Allied authorities were undermining the prestige and influence of moderate democrats such as Sforza and Croce. While they talked, Gil Robles, former head of the powerful conservative bloc in Spain, announced from his place of exile in Portugal that Franco's government has not only supported Hitler with troops and open declarations of loyalty, but has placed bombs on British ships in Spanish ports and reported to German submarines the movements of Allied convoys—a complicity known to the British Foreign Office, a complicity long since exposed in these pages and now confirmed by testimony which may appear more convincing to our conservative rulers in London and Washington.

Scattered events such as these have a common meaning. They mean that the political problems of Europe are multiplying, assuming shape and solidity, and demanding from the "liberating powers" a clear and concrete stand on the issue of popular control. Since Russia has quite consistently taken a sympathetic if not a propelling interest in the forces of resistance on the Continent, such events raise the question whether the three great leaders were able to "concert" their plans for the political rebuilding of Europe as completely as for the destruction of German power. This we can only discover as time reveals the substance—the solid political meaning and effect—of the diplomatic unity reached at Cairo and Teheran.

Curbs on Snoopers

THE NATION commends the Civil Service Commission for the instructions it issued on November 3 to personnel engaged in investigating government employees. We regard the issuance of these instructions as a victory for the United Federal Workers, which recently raised the whole question of government investigations with the commission, and for those few publications which have called attention to the odd queries put by government sleuths. In this category is not only *The Nation*—readers will recall the Washington Gestapo articles we published last July 17 and 24—but publications ordinarily as far removed from political concerns as our clever contemporary, the *New Yorker*. The commission says that these instructions, "with two or three minor exceptions," merely reaffirm the policies it has followed since August, 1942. But it obliquely admits that complaints have been received and by implication blames "a very high rate of turnover" in its staff. In Washington, as in an older Peking, face must be saved.

The commission does not say what the "two or three minor exceptions" are, but we suspect the new regulations embody considerable change in allowable questions. For this the commission deserves credit. The instructions bar questions as to a government employee's affiliations with unions, with pro-Loyalist groups such as the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, with cooperative bookshops like the Washington Bookshop which handle leftist literature, with the Lawyers' Guild, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Socialist Party, the League of Women Shoppers, and the Harry Bridges Defense Committee. "Do not ask any question whatever," the instructions say, "involving the applicant's sympathy with Loyalists in Spain." The investigators are not to ask about the printed matter read by the applicant. "This includes especially the *Daily Worker* and all radical and liberal publications. . . . Citizens are free to read anything they like." The instructions embody some approach to standards applied in judicial proceedings: husbands are not to be asked about wives and vice versa, leading questions are to be avoided; an effort is to be made to prevent the investigator from gaining information that may hurt the applicant's reputation. Questions about mixed parties with Negroes and intimate personal questions are not to be asked. Finally, "Do not ask general questions regarding the political philosophy of the applicant, such as whether he believes in capitalism or what his opinion is regarding certain events of a current or historical nature." We think the FBI owes it to the country to make its own instructions in the field of policing opinion available to the public. Publication is some protection against investigators who exceed their authority.

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After reading the Civil Service Commission's instructions, it is easy to understand both the bewilderment many investigators may feel and the outcry from the right in Congress. The investigator must determine not merely whether the applicant for government employment believes in the overthrow of the government by force and violence but whether he has followed the Communist line. Though this is possible, and the commission tries to lay down some rules for achieving it, an investigator needs a high degree of political sophistication to make a determination of this kind without overstepping the bounds. The kind of men employed by the commission and the FBI are unlikely to possess any such degree of understanding. The whole process of ferreting out facts about a man's opinions, and doing so by secret investigation without a judicial hearing, cannot easily remain within constitutional limits, even if the doubtful assumption is made that it was there to start with. What enrages some people in and out of Congress is the fact that those who fathered the Hatch act never intended the process to be kept within such limits. The spirit in which it was passed found expression when Busbey of Illinois, complaining of the new instructions, said, "The issue is this: are we going to permit long-haired New Deal bureaucrats to set up a complete Marxist dictatorship. . . .?" The act was passed as a means of hounding leftists out of the government, and it will be hard indeed for the most conscientious investigatory official to combine its enforcement with observance of the Bill of Rights.

The commission's own report shows how heavily weighted the results are against the left. It says that from July 1, 1940, to August 23, 1943, a total of 27,842 government employees were rated ineligible. It says 744 "were rated ineligible solely on loyalty grounds." One wonders in how many cases this was the determining, though not the sole, factor. The commission gives us no clue, but it does say that of this number 313 were found to be pro-Axis and 461 "members of the Communist Party or active in support of those basic principles of the Communist Party, which gave evidence of adherence to the Communist 'party line'." This alternative category is so loose that it is easy to understand why some investigators have asked the barred questions. The basic problems involved are not easily solved, for in war time the government has a right to weed out of its employ persons opposed to the war effort. Very few on the left are in that category. But the Hatch act, as an item of peace-time legislation, was aimed at the left, and if some elements in Congress have their way, it will be broadened after the war. A fight for its repeal is the only safe course for those who wish to exorcise the small but cancerous growth from our national life of a European-style political police devoted to the eradication of "dangerous thoughts.",

The Oslo Students

THE wholesale arrest of Oslo University professors and students is the latest move of the Nazis and their Quisling puppets to secure complete control of the educational and intellectual life of Norway. In no sphere has the opposition of the Norwegian patriots been more determined. Faculties and students alike have defied every attempt at Nazification. More than a year ago the resistance of the elementary and high-school teachers led to the arrest of more than 1,500 of them. In an effort to break them, some 800 were shipped beyond the Arctic Circle to forced labor on German fortifications. But "reliable" substitutes could not be found and the schools remained closed for months, until the Nazis backed down and allowed most of the old teachers to return.

The same difficulties were encountered by the invaders in the realm of higher education. In September, 1941, they arrested the rector of Oslo University, Dr. S. A. Seip, because of his "negative attitude" and installed in his place Dr. Adolf Höel, one of the few Norwegian scholars to turn traitor. But they could not "reform" the faculty, which remained subbornly Norwegian. At the end of August, 1943, Ragnar Skancke, Quisling Minister of Education, being unable to purge the faculty, sought to dilute the student body by directing that only those candidates who had received the personal approval of Höel be enrolled.

The entire faculty—with one exception—immediately announced that they would refuse to continue their teaching if this directive were not rescinded. In a coldly dignified letter they reminded Skancke that a year earlier they had adopted a resolution stating: "The university is responsible for the maintenance of scholarly standards in research and academic instruction in our country. If we are to adopt the attitude that external considerations —political or otherwise—are to be given priority to proficiency in the subject, it will lead to the decay of research and a breakdown of the standards which our university has hitherto maintained." The new regulation, they declared, violated this principle and would make "the university an institution essentially different in character . . . in conflict with its instructors' basic concepts."

As a result of this protest eight professors and forty student leaders were imprisoned. But the tension continued. A few days ago a fire broke out in an auditorium which the Nazis were using, and this incident was used as an excuse for the arrest of 1,200 students and faculty members. The real reason, however, was revealed by the Nazi police chief, Rediess, who contended that during the whole occupation the Oslo students had formed a hostile group active in underground resistance to the Nazis. The certainty that this accusation is well founded redounds to the honor of the University of Oslo.

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The Indian Skeleton at Atlantic City

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 3

THE pressure of events is making it harder than ever for the Administration to maintain its docile silence on India. A series of recent events has rendered our tacit partnership in Churchill's imperialism all the more ignominious. The latest was the announcement from Cairo of freedom after the war for Korea. Earlier there was the Lebanon affair, where we meekly and quickly followed the British lead in rebuking the French for doing on a more moderate scale in the Levant what the British are doing in India and elsewhere. The Atlantic Charter is being applied, with much fanfare, to a French mandate in the Near East and at least to one Japanese possession in the Far East, but is still in suspension in British Middle Asia.

The closing days of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation conference at Atlantic City provided another instance of the way in which India haunts the Anglo-American entente. India is asked to give 1 per cent of its national income to relieve the hungry in liberated areas, but it was denied the right to speak of its own starving millions. Sir Girja Shankar Bajpai, "India's delegate" to the conference, with a propriety becoming in a servant of the British Raj, declined to raise the question. It was, the British delegation assured the press, outside the scope of the UNRRA. J. J. Singh of the India League of America threatened to disrupt these convenient diplomatic niceties by disclosing to the correspondents last Friday that the Chinese, Mexican, Chilean, New Zealand, South African, and Australian representatives were prepared to support India if the question of the famine were raised. Dr. T. F. Tsiang, head of the Chinese delegation, made a public statement supporting Singh. There was talk of a resolution whereby the UNRRA would ask the Combined Shipping Board to allocate some extra tonnage for food shipments to India, and it looked as if some unpleasant realities were no longer avoidable. There was reason to believe that Governor Lehman, director general of the UNRRA, would have welcomed discussion of the Indian question.

There followed a hurried series of conferences between the Dominion delegations and Colonel John J. Llewellin, the chief British delegate, and a sudden announcement to the press by Colonel Llewellin that any resolution on India would be "out of order." No one had the temerity to ask how the British delegate, representing one nation out of forty-four, could take it upon himself to decide this question in advance. Colonel Llewellin and Assistant Secretary of State Dean Acheson dominated the proceedings, and it behooved the other delegates to behave. I doubt whether Acheson was happy over this brusque solution of the Indian problem, and at the closing session, with British approval, he was permitted to make a statement expressing sympathy with the people of India. Sir Girja rose to accept Acheson's little floral wreath with an appropriately brief statement, and the skeleton was back in the closet. But American officials here realize only too well that it will not stay put.

Every American official back from India brings the same message. There have been three official missions to India, and all brought back conclusions unpalatable to London. Colonel Louis Johnson, the President's first emissary, was accused by the British of having been "hypnotized" by Nehru. The Grady report was shelved because its proposals for expanding industrial production in India would have conflicted with British colonial policy. Indian henchmen of the Raj attacked it as "American imperialism." William Phillips, the second emissary, had one session with the President and another, at the President's request, with Churchill. The gossip is that the President was friendly but felt his hands were tied. As for Churchill, the talk around town is that Phillips got nowhere with him. "Phillips said Churchill simply refused to discuss the question; all he did was rant," was the version I picked up. If some of this gossip is unfair, the British and American governments have their own secrecy to thank for it. I was told that Phillips implied in talks with friends that he was not allowed to see Gandhi and Nehru because they were ready to discuss possible terms of settlement. I cannot vouch for this information and merely report what I heard from what I consider a fairly good source.

There is widespread dissatisfaction in the government with the Indian situation. Inside the State Department pro-British elements, fighting to give Britain a square deal after the war on such questions as shipping, are hampered by the use that anti-British and Irish Catholic sources inside and outside the department make of India. War-production and export agencies, worried by the situation in the hungry machine-tool industry, wonder why we cannot ease the inflationary situation in India by exports of machinery for production of consumer goods. Agencies like the OWI and the Office of Strategic Services, which deal with questions of political warfare, feel that we are being compromised in the East by Britain's Indian policy. I have heard of the embarrassment felt by

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OWI officials in India on the receipt of posters showing how we were feeding the people of Sicily. India's treatment at Atlantic City and the discussion bound to take place at New Delhi when the Indian legislature is asked to ratify the 1 per cent contribution will not make the OWI's task easier. The best propaganda now would be some additional food shipments, and I have found general agreement among officials dealing with shipping that it is nonsense to talk of a shipping shortage in connection with food for India. With some 50,000,000 tons available, much of it inadequately utilized, a few hundred thousand tons of shipping could easily be allocated to ease the famine.

The obstacle to acceptance of the recent Canadian offer of 100,000 tons of free wheat for India, and to purchases from the bumper crop glutting the Argentine, is not shipping but politics. The British position, as I get it here from British sources, is that the famine is due to hoarding, maldistribution, and inflation rather than to an actual shortage. Shipments made under pressure from public opinion would imply embarrassing admissions in British domestic politics, revive hopes of American interference in India. I have no doubt in my own mind, after talking with American, British, and Indian authorities, that hoarding, maldistribution, inflation, and the hostility of Indian interests to effective food and price controls have played a much larger part in the present situation than Indians like to admit. Farm blocs are the same the world over. The real point, it seems to me, is that only a true national government of Indians could hope at a time like this to squeeze from the peasantry the necessary driblets of food by which urban India is normally fed. Conversely, the present government of India could hardly be expected to antagonize the large landowners, who are among its few supporters, by instituting really vigorous controls.

Many factors, some accidental, play their part in the present shortage, but the basic cause is imperialism. Britain has drained India of goods, paying for them in blocked sterling accounts in London against which paper is issued in India. India's new-found "wealth" in sterling is only a reflection of its impoverishment by the war effort. The one genuine solution for inflation would be greater production in India of consumer goods, but this would cut into Britain's post-war market. The other way to make the situation bearable would be to give India a responsible and representative government and make its people feel that this is their war. In normal times the heavy burden of debt and taxes forces the peasant to turn a portion of his scanty crop into cash. With the rise in prices this burden is reduced, and it is difficult to hold him down to a near-starvation diet. If Gandhi and Nehru were in office instead of in jail, they might appeal to his idealism. That task is beyond the power of the Viceroy and his kept Indians.

10 Years Ago in "The Nation"

MAXIM LITVINOV'S SUCCESSFUL TRIP to the United States wound up with what was perhaps the most extraordinary dinner ever given in New York City. . . . Incredible as it seems, there were a number of our most conservative capitalists actually applauding the "Internationale." . . . Not a liberal editor appeared on the dais, and hardly a man or woman who battled for Russian recognition when to do so was to invite contumely, insult, and abuse.—*December 6, 1933.*

THE LIGHT THAT EXISTS today in darkest Germany is to be found underground. . . . The opposition to fascism comes entirely from labor.—ROGER B. NELSON, *December 6, 1933.*

IF ANYONE CLINGS to a scintilla of faith in the men who dominated and directed our financial and industrial policies in the pre-Brain Trust era, it would pay him to spend a few hours attending the Senate stock-market investigation. There, free of charge, he can look and listen as our vaunted ex-leaders . . . creep to the mourner's bench one by one and pathetically protest that they were merely guilty of ignorance, avarice, shortsightedness, and an almost total lack of fundamental knowledge concerning the nature of events in which they participated.—PAUL Y. ANDERSON, *December 6, 1933.*

BY THE TIME this issue of *The Nation* appears on the newsstands the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution will have been interred in its grave.—*December 13, 1933.*

WHATEVER ELSE—and there is a great deal—may be charged to the credit side of the NRA, nothing is more striking and, we hope, significant than the development of newspaper guilds. For years every effort to organize the brain workers in newspaper offices has failed, reporters and sub-editors being too cowed. But . . . the NRA has made it possible for these white-collar slaves to organize with complete safety.—*December 13, 1933.*

JAMES JOYCE'S "ULYSSES," for eleven years the most famous of our bootleg classics, is legal at last—at least in so far as the government of these United States is concerned.—*December 20, 1933.*

"TOBACCO ROAD" (Masque Theater) is based on a novel by Erskine Caldwell. Most of the critics of the daily press found reasons to justify their disapproval. . . . [It] . . . will probably be caviar—if not something worse—to the general, but even the general, I think, will recognize the superbly salty and complete impersonation of Henry Hull and the successful grotesquerie of Ruth Hunter as the girl with the harelip.—JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, *December 20, 1933.*

"MARLBOROUGH: HIS LIFE AND TIMES." By the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, C. H. . . . Mr. Churchill's great work promises to leave only minor opportunities for later biographers of Marlborough.—WILLIAM MACDONALD, *December 27, 1933.*

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The End of a Flying Fort

AN AIRMAN'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE

BY LIEUTENANT E. S. BENDINER

Somewhere in England, 1943

DEAR ESTHER: I know that I began to tell you all about the Brevet Club some days ago, but I was interrupted by a bit of duty. Between then and now I have fallen into the sea, and been daringly rescued, and what with one thing and another I don't feel much like rattling on about polite society at the Brevet.

The whole story is pretty melodramatic, and I feel silly telling it in the first person. But, in as unpurple language as I can manage, this is what happened.

The mission was the longest, deepest penetration into Germany ever undertaken by Forts, and in talking it over among ourselves and with Carlson and the chaplain just before take-off, I remember that I was advocating with considerable heat that this time we couldn't possibly choose to bail out or make for Switzerland or do anything but return to England because in scarcely any time at all the baby would arrive. (I've been bragging in public again.)

Just after the target we were heavily attacked. One engine was hit, half of our oxygen supply was knocked out, and the copilot was wounded in the leg; so that we had to drop out of formation and fight our way across Europe by ourselves. As it developed, we didn't so much fight our way out as sneak out, running for every cloud cover we could see. The spot decision right then was up to Fawkes. He could have asked for a course to Switzerland. The lovely snowy, blue-and-white peaks of the Alps were plainly visible, towering almost up to our altitude, although quite a way off. He might have decided to bail out over France. Either of those decisions would probably have meant internment or imprisonment for the duration. The last choice, the one he took, was to head for home, even though our gas was running so low he knew that we would probably have to ditch. It was a dangerous choice, but I think it was a fine one, not only because subsequent events proved it wise, but because he took it as the plain course of duty.

In any case, he asked for a course home, and I was honestly glad of it, even though with fighting and one thing and another I was a bit vague as to our precise position at the time. We dived down into the loveliest, heaviest cloud imaginable and stayed in it as long as possible, while I feverishly worked away trying to establish our position and improve on the course I had originally set. The cloud gave out, and for a time we sailed at low altitude over the grain fields, the forests, the towns, and the rivers of France. Some of these checkpoints seemed to bear out my theoretically estimated position and some of them contradicted it. It was beautiful country; it seemed to be of a different color from England or Holland or Belgium.

We were playing hide-and-seek in the clouds over France. And in the open spaces our gunners were anxiously watching German fighters who were looking for us but who miraculously failed to see us before other clouds came up to hide us. But ground radio was tracking us all the time, and we had to shift our course to clear what I thought would be heavy flak areas. We could see flak on both sides of us, largely to signal fighters we thought. Actually we were hit by flak as we neared the coast, partly because I didn't change course in time and partly because we had to strike out directly for the coast or go down, out of gas, over France.

Just before we crossed the coast Fawkes called up and suggested that anyone who didn't want to take his chance in the water could still jump. None of us did. I could see water ahead, but we ran up along the coast to avoid a large seaport and the heavy coastal flak. Duke, our radio man, was sending out an S. O. S. and asking radio stations to take a fix on us. They did, and he reported it to me, but it seemed to me to be way, way off, and Duke asked for another which was just as bad. I realized then that no one in England knew where we were. I gave Duke our estimated position, but he couldn't get it through.

We were over the sea now, and our four engines ran out one after another. When I left the nose, two of them were already motionless—a most disconcerting thing to see in an airplane. Back in the radio room we all took our previously assigned positions, bracing ourselves for the shock. I crouched behind the radio man's armor plating, gathered sundry odd bits that I thought I would like to take with me, talked to Mike, who was crouched next to me. Up to the last minute Mike retained his faith in Tondelayo and couldn't believe we would really have to ditch. He asked me whether we were headed toward England. I said we were but I knew we couldn't make it. We chatted like that and looked up, through the open hatch of the radio room, to the great gray swirling clouds and the blue sky, all the time wondering

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how near the water we were and when the shock would come.

When it came we lit lightly at first and only a bit of spray seemed to come in. Mike stood up, and we all yelled to him to get down. But it was too late. After skipping along the water, the ship finally plunged in and threw Mike forward so that he gashed his forehead. Then the green-gray water rushed in. I felt nothing so much as surprise. We had been through drills in preparation for just such an eventuality, and so far everything had gone pretty much as planned. But in all our drills there had been nothing like this torrent of ocean that ran through our airship. I tried to stand, but the water knocked me down, and when I did get up, some of the precious things that I had gathered were floating around the floor.

Everyone was on his feet, everyone excited and clambering toward the hatch, but everyone shouting that there was plenty of time and to keep calm. Mike stood next to me, and I saw that his head was bleeding badly. A piece of floating B-17 had clipped me and scratched my forehead. For an awful moment I thought that Mike and I, who were wedged in a corner, would never get out. But Mike finally did. By that time the water was up to my chest and rising rapidly. Our bombardier, Bob, was still in there. I hoisted myself up on one side while he made for the other. I remember that I failed to make it the first time, and I could hear Mike hollering outside, "Where's Benny?" Then I clambered out. The wings were already under water.

I clung to the fuselage for a second or so and watched Fawkes and the others, who had extracted one of the rubber dinghies and were maneuvering it away from the wings of the sinking plane. Then I plunged into the water. The dinghy was scarcely more than a stroke away from the ship, but I had overlooked one detail that might have proved disastrous. I had neglected to inflate my Mae West. I clung to the raft while Larry, our engineer, kept shouting: "Hold on, Benny, hold on"—as if I thought of doing anything else or going anywhere else just then. When I turned around, Tondelayo had vanished, and our dinghy and the other one holding the rest of our crew were the only things left on an apparently limitless sea. After a bit of floundering about, I managed to hoist myself into the tossing dinghy. All this took much less time to live through than it does to record. Tondelayo went down in something like forty seconds.

Whatever Rickenbacker and other shipwrecked mariners may pretend, there is at least one aspect of life on a raft that, far from being heroic, is damned undignified. The Channel was as rough that day as it ever gets, and the swell was dark and towering and fearful to look at. It was far worse to feel. We all promptly became violently seasick. All, that is, except Bob and one gunner, who increased our embarrassment by remaining obtrusively and volubly gay. There is, however, a measure of providence in the seasickness that plagues the shipwrecked. First, it gives you something to do which relieves the monotony; secondly, the prospect of death is never so welcome at any other time. One almost hopes for it.

But before giving way to utterly abandoned retching and writhing, we paddled with our hands toward the other dinghy so that we could lash the two rafts together. In between spasms, when I could lie with my head back and not feel too sick, I could watch the endless seascape and the barren sky. Bob was cranking our portable radio frantically but in vain, because we had lost the kite to carry our aerial up; we knew then that we could send out no signals at all. From time to time Larry would bail out the water that swept over us in great salty waves just as we thought we might begin to dry out in the sun. Larry would bail a little, get sick, bail some more, and get sick again. I tried to help, but as soon as I'd lift my head I'd get sick. So I was no help at all. For five hours we tossed like that, and in my lucid moments I would speculate on the direction of our drift. It was impossible to tell with any certainty, although I knew what winds had been prevailing all afternoon. In one such lucid moment I looked down at the few things I had brought with me. One of these was my Mercator's chart. Now, darling, there is nothing quite so useless on a broad, broad ocean as a Mercator on a raft that one can't steer. I finally threw it overboard.

Toward the end of the afternoon we were all resigning ourselves to spending a night on the water. I, at least, was convinced that no one in England had any idea of where we were. Earlier we had seen a flight of bombers go over, but they were very high and couldn't possibly see our signals. It was a little more than five hours after we ditched that we sighted a squadron of fighters about three or four miles from us. Larry had the flare pistol out and ready to shoot. But Duke shouted that they might be Germans. Some of us shouted for him to shoot, and some urged him not to. He hesitated for a second or two, and then—counting a quick majority, no doubt—he fired it. The fighters were already past us then, but one blessed pilot was looking back for some unknown but providential reason. We saw them continue on a short distance, and then one peeled off and the others followed.

They came in low over the water toward our flare—a magnificent affair of parachute and red balls of fire and smoke, like a Fourth of July celebration. Those Spitfires were the most meaningful, beautiful things I have ever seen. They swooped down and circled about us, and sick as we were we stood up and waved and yelled at them and came very near to upsetting the dinghies altogether. One circled up high above us to radio our position back

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home, while the others continued to swoop over us by way of sustaining our morale. It was wonderful. We could cheer and laugh and get sick again and then laugh some more. I have never been so happy and so miserable at the same time.

After a while the Spits left us, but we were sure that help would be out to us in no time at all. And then after a while another Spit did come out. We set off another display of fireworks, and he too came over and began a slow circle above us. We were very glad to have him, and we were sure that we were practically saved, but the sun set and the swell seemed to grow more ominous and still no rescue. We knew that the Spit would run out of gas soon. And he did. So after a final swoop he left us. The moon came up, big and yellow over the water. It was a lovely night full of stars—a few of which I fruitlessly recognized—but lovely night or no, we all continued to be sick. We strained our ears listening for motors. We saw lights where there were none. We told each other that we would be sure to be rescued that night, but I think that each of us said to himself in private that it was unlikely.

We had been in the water about nine hours when Mike suddenly shouted that he saw a light. Fawkes saw it too when we rode the crest of the swell. We shot up another flare and then waited. Presently we heard the dull sound of a motor, and a beam of light shot out near us but not quite on us. Dinghies are pitifully small things to spot on the ocean. We fired another flare into the wind so that it fell back directly over our heads, and the beam swung around and picked us up in its path. Then while the light came nearer, an awful thought struck me, and most of the others, I suppose: What if the vessel were an enemy ship? To have traveled all that distance across Europe alone, to dive our ship into the ocean, to spend nine agonizing hours in a dinghy, all to avoid capture, and then to be picked up by the wrong ship—that would be too bad. But in a little while we heard someone answering our shouts. "Ahoy," said a voice behind the light. Then apparently our collective Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and New York accents made themselves known and the voice answered jubilantly: "Okay, Yanks, we're coming."

We clambered aboard the boat, I, of course, fumbling awkwardly up the swaying rope ladder. And there were a dozen happy angels dressed in blue R. A. F. uniforms and turtleneck sweaters, saying "bloody good show" and things like that. They had hot soup and dry clothes ready for us. But I couldn't swallow the soup, and since I paused on deck for one last mighty heave of my innards into the sea, I came too late for the clothes. But I stripped to the skin, and they wrapped me in big, warm, fleecy blankets.

It was a long voyage home, and we dodged minefields all the way. The skipper told us things that would have made us even more jittery had we known them before. We had drifted from our original position, some twenty miles off the French coast, to well within the patrol lanes of the Germans and in easy shelling distance of their coastal guns. By morning we would have been in enemy hands.

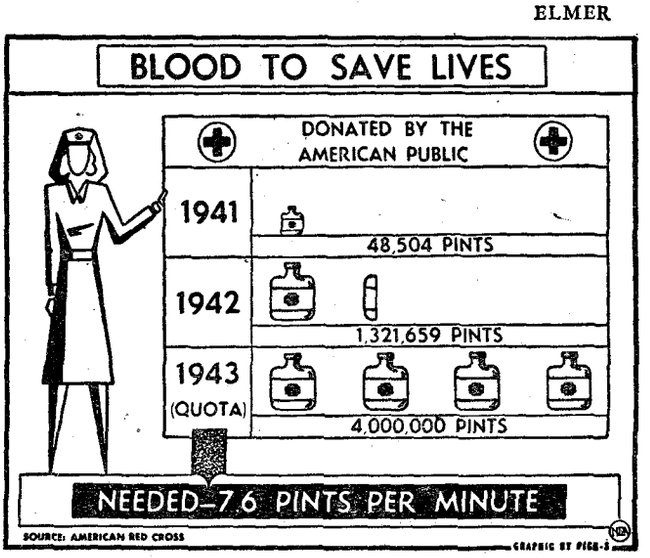
When we hit the coast town of ——— there was an ambulance waiting at the end of the stone wharf. But Bendiner had no pants, nothing but a couple of blankets. I was panicky. I had read a lot about this particular town, and it hurt my dignity to think that I would make my triumphal entry pantless. But I did. I clambered up the ancient stone steps of the wharf, clutching my blanket and looking like a refugee from a raid on a Turkish bath. It was very embarrassing. Those who were hurt were taken to a hospital; the rest of us—the cut on my forehead had healed long before—went to the local officers' barracks of the Royal Navy, where gold-braided commodores served us rum and Scotch and hot soup and bully beef. They fussed about us and sought in a thousand ways to make us happy. But still I had no pants.

At last some kindly naval lieutenant dug up an outfit for me, and I happily regained my dignity. As a matter of fact they were civilian clothes—slacks and a sweater—so that for that night and the next day I felt like a civilian and looked like Donald Budge. You know how much I like the British. My stay as a guest of the Royal Navy and the R. A. F. has made me an Anglophile for life.

We're back now at our base, and I expect that shortly we will be shipped off to spend a quiet recuperative week at a seaside resort. Some of the boys, who have been watching me furiously pounding away here, have become curious, and I have showed them most of this letter. They are now anxiously waiting for the last page to roll off the press so that they can find out whether or not they were saved.

All my love,

ELMER



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Unrecognized Allies

BY KURT R. GROSSMAN

ON OCTOBER 13, 1942, at a Columbus Day celebration in New York, Attorney General Biddle announced that the 659,363 Italians living in the United States would be freed from the stigma of being classed as enemy aliens of this country. After October 19 their activities would not be restricted. "I wish to emphasize," added Mr. Biddle, "that in thus removing the label of alien enemy from Italians, we do not forget that there are other loyal persons now classed as alien enemies. Their situation is now being carefully and sympathetically studied by the Department of Justice." Unfortunately this study, which was started more than a year ago, has not led to any such result as that reached in the case of the Italians. There has been no change in the official status of the tens of thousands of German "enemy aliens" who have given their loyalty and trust to the nation which has harbored them.

Of the 314,715 aliens who, in conformity with a Presidential proclamation, registered in February, 1942, as enemy aliens of German origin, the greatest number are refugees who were forced to leave their homeland by the cruel treatment meted out to them there. The majority are Jews. A not inconsiderable minority are non-Jews who would not tolerate the brutality of the Nazi regime. Jews and non-Jews alike fought against the New Order at a time when European statesmen still placed their faith in the policy of appeasement and no "arsenal of democracy" had as yet been set up in this country.

Whatever sins refugees may be accused of, they have certainly not embraced democratic convictions in order to enter on a comfortable life of inaction. Undaunted by the loss of their livelihood, their comforts, and their cultural inheritance, the majority of them have never ceased to fight against Hitlerism, and in the war against Hitler's Germany they are on the side of the United Nations. It is their tragedy that here in the United States they have been "forgotten allies."

The number of Germans who registered as enemy aliens in February, 1942, has been increased by about 3,800 others who have come to the United States since then, making the total roughly 320,000. This total has been reduced by the naturalization of an estimated 22,500 and by the induction into the army of from 8,000 to 9,000. Thus some 290,000 Germans in this country are still regarded as enemy aliens. Of these, 70 per cent, or about 200,000, may be classed as "refugees oppressed by the Nazis."

The status of enemy aliens was defined by the President's Proclamation Number 2526:

> All alien enemies are enjoined to preserve the peace toward the United States and refrain from crime against the public safety, and from violating laws of the United States and territories thereof; and to refrain from actual hostility or giving information, aid, or comfort to the enemies of the United States or interfering by word or deed with the defense of the United States or the political processes and public opinion thereof; and to comply strictly with the regulations which are hereby or which may be from time to time promulgated by the President.

To date not a single case is on record of a refugee who has offended against the principles of this proclamation. An article in the Philadelphia *Record* which analyzed the background of seventy-two spies and saboteurs showed that sixty-one were German born and that forty-seven of these had become citizens. Seven others were born in America of German parents. Not one was an immigrant recognized as a refugee; nor has any refugee from Nazi persecution been among the 4,144 German enemy aliens who have been arrested since the war began.

Not long ago Edward J. Ennis, director of enemy-alien control, said that refugees had increased America's population by 0.2 per cent, but that the cultural enrichment they had brought to this country was "much greater than is expressed in this figure. The refugees had proved that the confidence the government had placed in them was well justified." Similar conclusions were reached by the Tolan committee, which after investigations on the West Coast recommended "the immediate creation of hearing boards to pass upon and certify the loyalty of German . . . aliens" (H. R. Report 2124, May, 1942).

The cultural enrichment of which Mr. Ennis spoke is to be found in many different fields. The Office of Foreign Experts is accumulating material supplied by specialists some of whom are enemy aliens. More than 6,000 refugee doctors are serving the United States as an important war reserve. Outstanding chemists, physicists, and engineers are contributing their knowledge to the war industries. Several hundred professors are teaching at American universities. Writers of the rank of Bruno Frank, Franz Werfel, and Heinrich Mann are indirectly strengthening the war potential of the United States by their literary services. Journalists are employed in the Office of War Information, and the special knowledge of alien enemies is also made use of by the Office of

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Strategic Services. Even in the prosecution of spies and saboteurs the government uses the expert knowledge of an enemy alien, a leading authority on German penal, administrative, and police law.

The great masses of unknown refugees have proved themselves no less loyal. A statement made by the Christian Council for Refugees from Germany and Central Europe in its last report on German refugees in England applies equally well to the refugees in America:

> The great value of alien labor has been stressed over and over again by ministers and the press. The International Labor Branch of the Ministry of Labor is making strenuous efforts to utilize to the full in the national interest this important source of man- and woman-power. It has been stated authoritatively that nearly 95 per cent of German and Austrian adult refugees are now engaged either directly or indirectly in the war effort.

Some 16,000 refugees collected $48,500 to buy the fighter plane "Loyalty" for their new country. Hundreds have sought to make themselves useful through the Immigrant Victory Council, "which watches for opportunities and duties in civilian defense." Others have contributed repeatedly to the Red Cross blood banks. The sons of many of them are serving in the armed forces with courage and ability.

In contrast to the refugees in England, those in this country have declared their intention of becoming American citizens. They consider it an honor that, individually or by general enactment, they have been deprived of their German citizenship and lament the fact that the President's proclamation renewed their citizenship connections with a Germany which persecuted and outlawed them.

German refugees do not ignore the difficulties that might prevent them from being treated as leniently as the Italians. They would not want the United States to neglect any precaution for lack of which the war might be prolonged even for an hour. But it appeared from Mr. Biddle's Columbus Day speech that this factor of security required consideration in the case of the Italians exactly as in that of the Germans. The Attorney General said explicitly:

> Of course, this reclassification of the Italians does not mean that dangerous or disloyal persons are no longer subject to apprehension or internment. We still will take no chances. It does mean that the regulations applying up to now to alien enemies no longer apply to Italian aliens.

Nothing has occurred during the past year to make the policy of exempting Italian aliens from restrictions appear mistaken. And there is no reason to suppose that the military or political security of the United States would in any way be endangered by granting the same privileges to German refugees.

In the Wind

A NEW APPROACH to birth control appears in the program of the Realistic Peace League of America, which is sending out postcards bearing this message: "Mothers, Next War Is Cooking! We took Puerto Rico with 950,000 population. Gave freedom from want; now 2,000,000 population. Our sentimentality caused 1,050,000 increase. Now Tugwell is there stimulating the birth rate so we will feed more millions! But that's only the beginning. The whole world is to get freedom from want. Does Lehman ask gimme nations to hold down? No, he tells *Americans* to sacrifice so Asiatics, Africans, and Europeans can breed like rabbits on our food! *Overpopulation* largely caused this war and will be, by our folly, the main cause of the next!"

AN ANONYMOUS HANDBILL makes this contribution to peace planning: "We have the sewing-machine, the steamship, the airplane, the telephone, because a very few persons dared to imagine something considered impossible. . . . Peace is taken for granted. Let a million imaginations play around this idea, and methods for its realization will emerge. As an individual, will you just keep on imagining?"

AT A MEETING of the Niagara Frontier Manpower Mobilization Committee in Buffalo, Ray C. Neal, industrialist, made "a plea that the committee ask the government 'to stop this post-war planning propaganda,' " according to the Buffalo *Evening News*. "It's doing harm, he said, by causing people in war jobs to apply already for peace-time employment."

POETS' CORNER: A reader of the New York *Daily Mirror* offers a poem which the editor thinks "hits the bull's-eye—or, rather, the Bear's-eye—neatly." The poem is to be sung to the tune of "Pistol-Packin' Momma." It describes the meeting between "straight" Mr. Hull, "fat Molotov," and Anthony Eden with "his perfumed hair," and ends,

> Pick that pistol up, "Unc,"
> If they don't come clean,
> And we will all be with you
> To slug them on the bean.

NEWS BROADCASTS had fewer listeners in New York during October than during September, according to *Broadcasting*, despite an increase of 15.3 per cent in total radio listening time. This was the first decrease since Pearl Harbor.

FESTUNG EUROPA: In Norway representatives of the Nazi police regularly attend church services to check sermons. . . . One of Prague's largest halls was filled to capacity at a secret midnight concert of works by Dvorak and Smetana. Three weeks later the ban on Smetana's music was lifted. The Nazis had discovered that he was a German.

Pressure on our limited space has made it necessary to hold over the sixth instalment of Vernon Bartlett's Diary of the Future. It will appear in next week's issue.

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Freedom of Worship in Italy

BY GAETANO SALVEMINI

LAST week the Royal University in Naples was the scene of the first public demand for the abdication of King Victor Emmanuel. A small crowd gathered to honor Benedetto Croce, but when he pleaded for the people's support of a regency, the reaction was sudden and violent. Croce's voice was lost amid shouts of *Viva la republica,* and a similar outburst greeted Sforza's reference to the "new fascism at the Badoglio capital." When representatives of various political groups in the audience attempted to speak, the meeting broke up in turbulent arguments and even fist fights.

The Naples meeting was but one more indication of the rising temper of the Italian people—and of their stubborn opposition to every remnant of the old regime. So far the AMG has kept silent as to the political destiny of the country; its continued support of Badoglio and the King is the one clear political fact that emerges. "AMG in Italy," said the New York *Times* on September 25, "is still operating *sotto voce* as far as the outside world is concerned. Every so often the AMG tells of its accomplishments in Sicily, but not a peep comes from the AMG in Italy." On November 4 the Associated Press declared that "the Italian situation is still far from clarified, no less in the minds of the AMG officials than in those of AMG critics at home."

Under such circumstances an uninformed individual can catch only an occasional glimmer of light and wonder what that glimmer may presage. All in all, it is safe to conclude that the AMG does the best it can in the matter of repairing material damage, and that when the men on the spot are left a free hand in dealing with personal matters, they often display sense, humanity, and resourcefulness. The danger arises when bigwigs and brass hats take up problems of general policy.

A dispatch from the Associated Press published in the New York Spanish daily, *La Prensa,* on August 14 said that General Alexander, Military Governor of Sicily, had had a cordial talk with Cardinal Laritiano, Archbishop of Palermo. It reported further:

> The ecclesiastical authorities cooperate with the Allied Military Government. As a consequence General Alexander suggested that the priests and nuns should help in taking care of the children in the region devastated by war. He suggested also that wherever possible the public schools should be reopened and go on in their educational work *under the direction of the ecclesiastical authorities* [italics mine].

This "story" would not have reached the headquarters of the Associated Press in Washington, and subsequently the offices of *La Prensa,* if the censors in Palermo, Algiers, London, and Washington had not passed it. We may therefore assume that it was true. If *La Prensa* was the only paper to print the item, that was, perhaps, because someone in Washington anticipated the criticism which the news might evoke and instructed the English-language press to kill it.

To understand the full significance of the report, one must recall that under the pre-Fascist regime in Italy a network of secular schools extending from kindergarten to university was created by the central and local governments. Over this system the church had no control. Side by side with these schools, maintained by taxpayers' money, private schools were allowed to exist, and not a few of them were under clerical jurisdiction. The government did not interfere with clerical schools, but if their graduates wished to carry on a legally recognized profession or to enter public employment, they had to obtain a certificate of studies from a public school.

Mussolini compelled the elementary and secondary public schools to teach Catholic doctrine for two hours a week and gave legal authority to the certificates issued by the clerical schools. He did not put the public schools under the supervision of the clergy because such action would have aroused violent protests from his own followers, not to mention the gagged but ever-present liberal opposition. General Alexander must surely have known how strongly Italian intellectuals and all anti-Fascist elements would object to having Sicilian schools placed under the supervision of the clergy.

On October 8 a dispatch from Naples printed in the New York *Herald Tribune* provided another indication of AMG policy:

> All schools remain closed, but the AMG will permit Catholic schools to reopen soon. The religious schools have received priority because the AMG feels that Catholic textbooks and teachers are less imbued with Fascist doctrines.

The belief that Catholic textbooks and teachers are less tainted with Fascism is ridiculous. Books sent to this country by the Fascist government for use in Italian-language parochial schools are stuffed with Fascist propaganda, and the church has never objected. As for the teachers, if one excepts a minority of Fascist firebrands,

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those in the Italian public schools are generally anti-Fascist. In fact, on November 13 the New York *Times* carried a report from Italy which said that "it was feared the Germans might close some Italian universities on the ground that the professors were teaching anti-Fascist doctrines." "The Milan newspaper *Fascio,*" the *Times* continued, "controlled by the Germans, urged authorities to take the radical measure of closing all universities necessary to prevent anti-Fascist professors from infecting our youth."

If Italian youth is to be saved from anti-Fascist infection, it will be necessary to close not only all universities but all secondary and elementary public schools as well, and not only in northern Italy but also in the south. The monopoly granted by the AMG to clerical schools in Naples—and probably elsewhere—can have but one result: public education, which the church has always hated, will disappear, and young people there as in Sicily will have to take their instruction from the church or forgo it entirely.

An Associated Press dispatch printed in the *Daily Oklahoman* on July 18 said that "parish priests in Sicily are taking the place of Fascist municipal officials in small towns and villages captured by the Allied armies." This too is strange news, and one wonders why the people of Oklahoma were privileged above citizens of other states to read it. Parish priests have never acted as municipal officials in Italy, nor have they on the other hand particularly distinguished themselves as anti-Fascists. Yet they have been selected by the American and British authorities as if no one else in rural Sicily were capable of doing the job.

One more item, reported from Naples by the New York *Times* on October 11, is worth quoting:

> Mass was celebrated today at the Cathedral of San Gennaro in the presence of Alessio Cardinal Ascalesi, with Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark and other high American officers in attendance.

General Clark and other officers, high or low, are entitled to attend mass at any time they wish. But attending mass officially with one's retinue in the presence of a cardinal is not a religious observance. It is a political act.

Who is Alessio Cardinal Ascalesi? He is a man who has been discredited throughout Italy by his unbridled greed for money and his consistent servility to Fascism. Cardinal Ascalesi made no protest against the bombing of Ethiopian villages, and he had nothing to say when Mussolini sent his planes to share in the glory of raiding London. But in March, 1943, he violently condemned the bombing of Naples and called upon God to grant victory over the "bestial" and "atheistic" enemy. Surely it is preposterous to suppose that American authorities must work hand in glove with Fascist cardinals and bishops in order to maintain order in a country where four-fifths of the population have no desire to take political dictation from the Catholic clergy. Surely someone in Naples could have told General Clark that he should decline—if for no other reason than respect for his own "bestial" and "atheistic" country—to attend mass in his official capacity in the presence of Cardinal Ascalesi. To Italians such a gesture could only imply that General Clark had been instructed to encourage some brand of clerical Fascism in Italy.

On the eve of the American and British landings in Sicily Mr. Roosevelt felt it necessary to address the Pope and tell him that "respect for religious belief and for the free exercise of religious worship is fundamental to our ideas." A few weeks later General Alexander, as Military Governor of Sicily, announced that "proper steps will forthwith be taken to stop the operation of all laws which discriminate on the basis of race, color, or creed," and "freedom of religious worship will be upheld." More recently the Moscow conference declared that "freedom of worship" will be restored in Italy.

To Catholic minds the phrase "freedom of religious worship" has a vastly different meaning in a country where the majority of the population are not Catholic from what it has in a Catholic country. In the first case freedom of worship means the freedom of Catholic worship pending the time when the rest of the population can be converted to Catholicism. In countries where the Catholic faith is predominant, freedom of religious worship means, not equality of rights for all churches, but the right of the Catholic church to be regarded as the sole legitimate religious organization, with other churches outlawed or, if that cannot be brought about, merely tolerated. Where the Catholic clergy are unable to control the secular government, they vindicate the freedom of the church by invoking liberal principles; where they acquire direct or indirect political influence, they do what they can to curtail other people's religious freedom, in accordance with their own Catholic principles.

When Messrs. Eden, Hull, and Molotov pledged themselves to "restore" freedom of worship in Italy, what did they mean? Mussolini never challenged the right of the Catholic church to conduct worship freely, even when his relations with the Vatican were passing through crisis. He simply refused to let the Vatican become master of the ship. Mussolini was to be the only master. Thus it is unnecessary for the AMG to "restore" the freedom of Catholic religious worship in Italy. Let us hope that the phrase does not mean that all the demands of the Catholic church are to be complied with, that even those rights and privileges which Mussolini withheld, starting with the right of controlling the schools, will be "restored" as they existed a century ago.

[*This is the second of a series of four articles in which Dr. Salvemini comments on the situation in Italy under the AMG. The third will appear in an early issue.*]

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Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

NOVEMBER 11 was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Germany's capitulation in the First World War. The occasion was utilized by the Nazis to whip up the spirit of the people, and in the process the party had recourse to some rather anachronistic devices—it went back to the triumphal ceremonies of the first victory year. In practically every German city there was an enormous parade with flags, posters, music, and speeches. In Frankfurt-am-Main the summons to take part in the celebration was displayed for days beforehand on all the placard pillars and in the newspapers. The notice concluded:

> We will never capitulate! Gauleiter Sprenger will speak. Everybody must come! Nobody must stand aloof! Frankfurt will parade under the motto: "We will be masters of our fate."

On the morning of the great day came a last appeal:

> You too will join us today! Come to the meeting at 10:30 at the Horst Wessel Platz. The people of Frankfurt will make it clear that November, 1918, can never happen again, that cowardice and treachery have no place in our community, that the home front faithfully backs the battle front. We will fight until victory is won.

In Mannheim-Ludwigshaven on the same day the celebrations took an unforeseen course. Dr. Ley, leader of the Labor Front, had been announced as speaker. The preparations had been even more intensive than at Frankfurt. Precise regulations had been laid down for the march of the factory workers and other organizations. Gigantic posters had been put up over the streets and on buildings, bearing the slogans: "Victory at any price!" "Führer, lead us, we will follow"; "Work, Fight, Trust"; "Our motto—victory."

Then, when everything was in readiness, the arrangements were upset by another severe air raid. But there was still time to adapt the scenario to the new situation. How this was done was reported by the Swedish newspaper *Eskilstuna Kuriren* on November 15. Herr Ley, of course, directed his remarks chiefly against "Anglo-American barbarism," and recalled Hitler's words that people who have been bombed out of their homes are "the vanguard of revenge against England." But the main feature was the arrival of 30,000 workmen "with spades and pickaxes over their shoulders." After the ceremonies were ended, they "started in to clear away the debris and extricate the victims."

A struggle is going on in England at present over whether seventeen-year-old boys shall be employed in the coal mines. In Germany fourteen-year-olds have already been sent to the pits.

The first news that such a step had been taken came from the speech of a Youth leader who boasted that for several months "many fourteen-year-old boys" had been working in the coal mines of Upper Silesia. Then on November 19 a long article in the *Reichsarbeitsblatt*, the organ of the German Ministry of Labor, stated that the employment of fourteen-year-old boys was to be organized on the broadest possible basis in the industries in which labor was scarcest. Among these, the building and transportation industries were specified and, above all, coal mining. The writer of the article, a high official in the ministry, declared that there would of course be no infringement of the constitutional right of every German lad to choose a trade for himself. No fourteen-year-old would be "forced" into the mines. "Persuasion" would be used with both the parents and the boys. "They will be persuaded to subordinate their own wishes to the needs of the present and the future." Nazi officials are known to have strong powers of persuasion.

For the first time an Allied propaganda item, a leaflet dropped from a plane, can be shown to have forced the Nazi authorities to change a ruling, or at least to have contributed to such a result. The leaflet dealt with the fact that no évacués from bombed cities are allowed in the neighborhood of Berchtesgaden, the Führer's residence—that, indeed, all the roads are barred in a wide circle around the village so that neither raid victims nor persons walking for pleasure can approach it. The calm and security of the Führer and of other party bigwigs who have built villas in the vicinity are not to be disturbed, the leaflet declared, by annoying and suspicious characters like refugees.

The Nazis' first reaction was a speech by Gauleiter Giesler on October 5. Something called a Berchtesgaden Cultural Heimat Meeting was arranged, and there Herr Giesler poured out his rage at the "deceitful enemy propaganda leaflets dropped in northern Germany." He denied that évacués who had approached too near to Berchtesgaden had ever been shot. And he boasted of Berchtesgaden's large contributions to war charities. He mentioned, for example, that several sanitariums for convalescent soldiers had been set up.

But the "deceitful enemy leaflets" were not disposed of by this one speech; and on November 1 the Stockholm *Aftontidningen* printed a dispatch which carried the story to its conclusion. It said:

> In view of the irritated temper of the people the regulation closing Berchtesgaden to évacués has been rescinded. The public had called the closed zone the Berchtesgaden *Hundeschutzpark* (dog preserve). Now huts are being built for évacués, little other accommodation being available. Party leaders and officials are still exempted from the obligation to receive bombed-out persons in their homes.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

AENEAS AND AUGUSTINE

BY ROBERT FITZGERALD

I HAVE always wished that the narrator of Thornton Wilder's "Cabala" had finished the play he was supposed to be writing around the life of St. Augustine. Perhaps before too long Major Wilder could be persuaded to get the manuscript out of his scholar's trunk and interline its pages with fresh dialogue, suitable for a Jed Harris production. There is surely a part in it for Miss Bankhead, a part that might engage her powers more fully than that which Major Wilder bestowed on her last season. It would be a momentous first night, and one of diabolical paradox, for of all the intense intellects that ever came into this world Augustine was perhaps the most scornful of the theater and the other professional arts.

This, I think, is an aspect of him, admittedly incidental to theologians, upon which we might reflect to some purpose, now that Mr. Sheed has brought out his new translation of "The Confessions" (Sheed and Ward. $3). It is a sensible and vigorous translation into plain English, much more readable than Pusey's version of 1838, even though Augustine's subtler meanings are sometimes better rendered in the old-fashioned English of Dr. Pusey. Take, for example, the passage in Book II, Chapter 1, in which Augustine says, *silvescere ausus sum variis et umbrosis amoribus.* Sheed: "I sank to the animal in a succession of dark lusts." Pusey: "I dared to grow wild again, with these various and shadowy loves." Here I feel that although something may be said for the greater violence of Sheed's statement, there is little to be said for his rendering of *silvescere* and no excuse whatever for his omission of the idea of "daring." As a precise record of emotion, and as one of the marvels of Latin prose, the text suffers somewhat from this sort of treatment.

The odd thing is that Augustine, one feels, quite possibly would approve Sheed's blunt, clear, Roman Catholic rendering rather than Pusey's donnish and delicate Anglican one. For the remarkable Bishop of Hippo (now Bône, in Algeria) ended with small reverence for the art of which he was a master—the literary art, or, as it was then practiced, rhetoric. We are well situated for comprehending this, having been aware in our own time of a continuous tension between the "literary" and other conceivably more valuable kinds of writing. We have, indeed, seen certain anti-literary efforts comparable in splendor to Augustine's, though none, I think, of comparable coherence. We are even so familiar with a prejudice against Vergil that Augustine's revulsion from his boyhood pleasure in the "Aeneid" may not strike us as surprising. It is this that I should like to dwell on for a few moments here.

He is saying that his early lessons, in reading and writing, were worth more to him than the later ones, *quibus tenere cogebar Aeneae nescio cuius errores oblitus errorum meorum,* "in which I was forced to memorize the wanderings of Aeneas—whoever *he* was—while forgetting my own wanderings." Mr. Sheed translates colloquially and correctly here, conveying the impatience, the conscious boorishness of the Latin sentence. This little passage on Vergil is more interesting, because at first sight more perverse, than Augustine's famous objection to Tragedy. One can feel in accord with him there, seeing that the common run of drama in performance—and the theater is second-rate in our time as it was in his—does trouble us with a suspicion that the mummers have taken us in. But to cast out the "Aeneid" because Aeneas's wanderings are not ours is a procedure that, taken literally, could leave us without literature entirely.

Turning again to the poem that Augustine had apparently loved enough to regret with such asceticism, I had no need to go beyond the second book to become convinced of its glory as a work of art. The conviction came upon me precisely at line 558 in Book II. Augustine may have felt a like conviction, for he reproves himself specifically because *mihi erat . . . dulcissimum spectaculum vanitatis equus ligneus plenus armatis et Troiae incendium,* "the Wooden Horse with its armed men, and Troy on fire . . . were sheer delight." It is difficult to review in a few words the progression of effects by which, throughout that book, Vergil had created the scene of sad night and gliding disaster; the surprise, the street fighting, the flames and slaughter; the terrible energies, the noble deaths in his Asian city taken by storm. One becomes finally aware of the more-than-life *dimension* of this action, and simultaneously, with a shiver, of Vergil's own awareness of it, when Pyrrhus has dragged old Priam by the hair and killed him, and:

> *hic exitus illum*
> *sorte tulit Troiam incensam et prolapsa videntem*
> *Pergama, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum*
> *regnatorem Asiae, iacet ingens litore truncus,*
> *avulsumque umeris caput et sine nomine corpus. . . .*
>
> So he was taken off,
> As luck would have it, seeing his city afire, seeing
> Troy, that once held sway over so many lands and peoples,
> The pride of Asia, fallen. The mighty trunk lies prone,
> Head and shoulders severed, nameless, beside the ocean. . . .

The torso, the huge form there, is the permanent sculpture of the classic age.

Now Augustine, all historians agree, saw that age brought to an end; for he saw what one may imagine that Vergil glimpsed in a vision: the end of the fourth century, the incursions of the barbarians and the humbling of the Roman cities: Rome herself in 410 and Hippo, by the Vandals, while the great bishop himself lay dying. Surely the Vergilian language was still lovely in the ears of cultivated Italian, Spanish, and Gallic people; the verses of Ausonius prove

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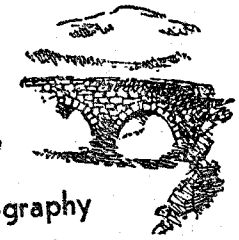

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that it was still alive. But the specifically Roman adventure of the human spirit—that had been played out, and the imperial synthesis slipped apart.

Miss Rebecca West, in her admirable little biography of St. Augustine, insists on his un-Roman Numidian stock; on the fact that even among provincials his social rank was definitely inferior. Ambrose, the Roman gentleman and bishop of Milan, successfully snubbed him. Miss West interprets the saint's temper as a combination of barbaric African vitality and the inflamed pride of the outlander, rather like the Anglo-Irish "squireen's son." Hence, she suggests, his readiness to throw over Rome for the City of God, and hence his rudeness toward Father Aeneas. This is a brilliant if somewhat imperialistic view of the matter.

By way of modification, it may be said that in his irritation at the "Aeneid," and in certain qualities of his own style, Augustine is related to a very old line of Latin expression—a popular, Republican Roman strain. I am thinking of Cato, the comic poets, and Catullus, the writers of Latin as the people spoke it, not as the later orators drew it out after their Greek studies at Rhodes, or as the fashionable amorists of the capital polished it in elegiacs. Vergil, too, was a sophisticate; he had a Greek model; and if Book II of the "Aeneid" shows us that Rome under the principate was capable of real grandeur, self-conscious but still austere, Book I reminds us too often of the darling Hellenism that softened late Roman art.

It was the goldsmith's, the cameo-cutter's period; a plague of cute cupids had settled over Rome. The opening scenes of the "Aeneid" are touched with this sort of charm. Aeneas's mother, Venus, resembles less the deep goddess of Lucretius, *hominum divumque voluptas*, than a costumed huntress at the Petit Trianon with knees erotically bared. I suspect that one reason for our common American dislike of Vergil may be that in school we begin his poem at the beginning, thus forming a first impression that it may take years to correct. Well, Cato had growled against Hellenism at the time of the Punic Wars, two centuries before Vergil, six centuries before Augustine, and by Augustine's time it was certainly no longer a novelty.

But larger matters than any of these were, and are, implied in St. Augustine's discourtesy to the literary masterwork of Rome. There is no doubt that the thirteen books of "The Confessions" are themselves a work of genius, perhaps the first created in Christendom. Only once before in Latin, I believe, had thought risen to the level of passion; but the intellectual quality of Lucretius is mechanical compared with certain efforts of Augustine. And I must here question Miss West's judgment, and even more decidedly that of Mr. Sheed, in regarding the first ten books of "The Confessions" as self-sufficient. The earlier "tutorial edition" of Mr. Sheed's translation was truncated, it seems to me, by the omission of Books XI, XII, and XIII. The reason given, of course, is that only the first ten are "autobiographical." If they were *merely* autobiographical, one might agree as to the superfluity of three final books upon "God, Creation, Time and Space, Spirit and Matter." The fact is that the entire work is concerned with these subjects and is indeed formally and continuously addressed to the first of them.

Instead of the old Aegean heaven of Vergil with its sunlit gods, pouting or smiling, we have at the opening of "The Confessions" an extended evocation of a Creator whose attributes are all superlative, all infinite. Twenty years a rhetorician, Augustine seems to have let his pen run at high speed through eloquent exercises of antithesis and chiasmus: *apud te rerum omnium instabilium stant causae et rerum omnium mutabilium inmutabiles manent origines et omnium inrationalium et temporalium sempiternae vivunt rationes . . .* "before Your face stand the causes of all things transient and the changeless principles of all things that change, and the eternal reasons of all the things of unreason and of time." The questioning, echoing prose pursues at every turn the exact relationship between this intellectual God, directly perceived as neither Hebrew awe nor Greek speculation had quite perceived Him, and the confiding human consciousness. And this is the work of "The Confessions": to locate the writer and his experience with reference to an intimate yet immeasurable reality or, to use the proper term, Being.

In place, then, of the fictive hero cast upon the African shore we read about an actual child that came kicking into the sensuous world, not a child but an *ego* disguised as a child, for he says, *ecce infantia mea olim mortua est et ego vivo*, "that infancy of mine died long since, yet I still live." And in a few quick pages we are introduced with painful clarity to how the needy newcomer felt and from what he desperately drew his life; how far from innocent he was, and how he learned. Described for us in Book II, quite as terrifying as the excess of Troy's ravagers, is the excess of adolescent delinquency—the *acte gratuit* that interested Gide and has devastated Europe, "a demonstration" as Miss West says, "against order, the cherished work of the adult." And in Book IV, far different from the pathos of Dido's death for love, are the beautiful fiery sentences that Augustine found for his grief at his friend's death, a passage as permanent as anything in Latin, being permanently true:

> *Quo dolore contenebratum est cor meum, et quidquid aspiciebam mors erat, et erat mihi patria supplicium et paterna domus mira infelicitas, et quidquid cum illo communicaveram, sine illo in cruciatum immanem verterat. expetebant eum undique oculi mei, et non dabatur; et oderam omnia, quod non haberent eum, nec mihi iam dicere poterant: 'ecce venit,' sicut cum veniret, quando absens erat . . . et si dicebam: 'spera in deum,' iuste non obtemperabat, quia verior erat et melior homo, quem carissimum amiserat, quam phantasma, in quod sperare iubebatur.*
>
> At this grief my heart was utterly darkened; and whatever I beheld was death. My native country was a torment to me, and my father's house was a strange unhappiness; and whatever I had shared with him, wanting him, became a distracting torture. Mine eyes sought him everywhere, but he was not granted them; and I hated all places, for that they had not him; nor could they now tell me, 'he is coming,' as when he was alive and absent. . . . And if I said, 'Trust in God,' my soul very rightly obeyed me not; because that most dear friend, whom she had lost, was, being man, both truer and better than that phantasm she was bid to trust in. (Pusey.)

I will not carry the parallel columns any farther. There are some passages in "The Confessions" that must seem mere curiosities to us, particularly the discussions of Manichaeism; with others we can feel little sympathy. I myself

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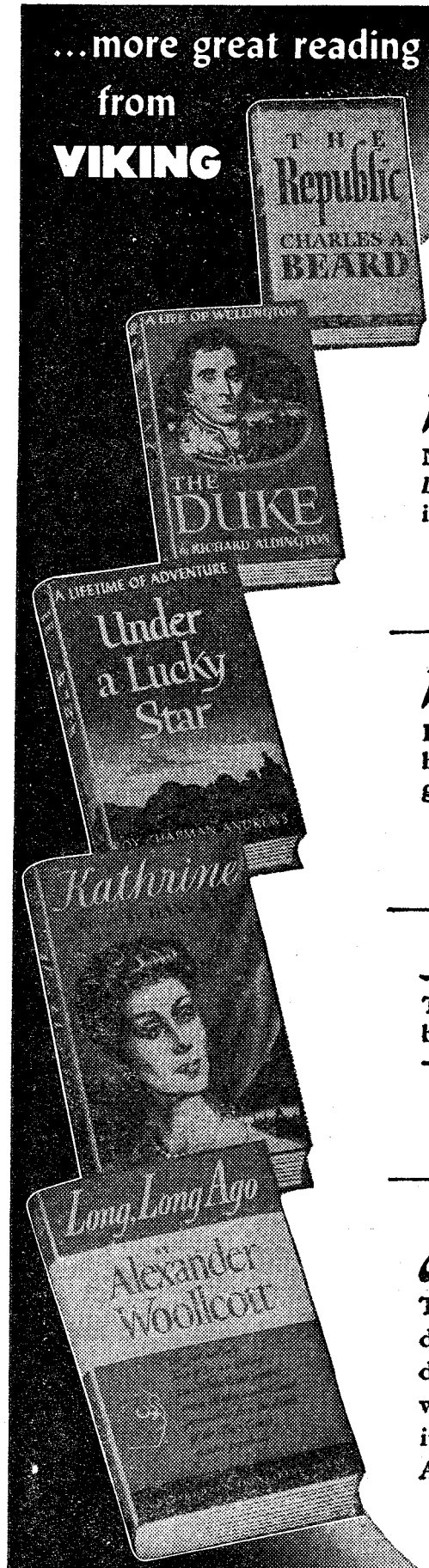

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LONG, LONG AGO

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simply have not the virtue necessary to agree with Augustine —and the church—as to the virtue of his fascinating mother, who strikes me as a perfect horror of early piety. Some of us may discourse well about the psychology of his struggle toward conversion, a struggle, in the end, largely for the renunciation of sexual pleasure. But as to the truth with which he rendered his life and emotions no one will disagree. One reason for it might be that he wrote for an auditor whose perfections included perfect Truth.

The subject of "The Confessions," indeed, would have been but half treated if Augustine had told only of himself; the other, vaster term would have remained without definition. Contrary to Rebecca West's opinion, therefore, it was artistically sound for him to conclude his work with a prolonged effort at exploring the metaphysical.

We vaguely hold to the notion that in Augustine's age, in the words of Rostovtzeff, "men had grown weary and unwilling to seek further. They turned greedily to a creed that promised to calm the troubled mind." However true this may be, the last books of "The Confessions" show Augustine "seeking further" at a furious rate; by contrast, the Vergilian temper seems weary and resigned. The ascent begins in Book X, with great rhetorical magnificence. I wonder if St. Francis of Assisi's celebrated prayer, nine centuries later, was not an echo of Augustine's address to those other creatures of God, the earth, the air, the sea, and the stars: *interrogavi terram,* etc. There is a thousand years of Ionic, Eleatic, Platonic, Aristotelian, and Alexandrian metaphysics, and three hundred years of Christian theology, behind Augustine's discussion of Time in Book XI; it is highly refined, but I suppose that on this topic there is not another flight of thought so arrowy before Kant, whose perception Augustine anticipated.

"He matched the self of which man is certain," says Miss West, "against the most extreme uncertainties man recognizes in the universe, as if he were cheering two cocks fighting in a pit. It was a spirit very necessary in that period when—as happens in all periods of extreme political and economic disorder—the proper philosophical skepticism as to the infallibility of man's mental instrument had suffered a morbid degeneration into hysterical coma. . . ." We are only too familiar with the state described. If we are also familiar with honesties as religious as Augustine's—and I shall mention here not only the work of James Joyce but the American effort of James Agee and Walker Evans in their "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men"—that is our present good fortune and a token of grace.

Whitman's Due

WALT WHITMAN: AN AMERICAN. By Henry Seidel Canby. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.

"WHAT?" you exclaim, "another book about Whitman? But is there anything left to say?"

And yet, haven't the other accounts of this man been somewhat tentative and exploratory? Unless you except Bliss Perry, who has yet treated Whitman in the sensible way, fully informed and warm-hearted and cool-headed, that is his due? Who has put together his crudity and grandeur, his egotism and affection, his ignorance and wisdom, and made them cohere? Who has made him look quite believable?

For one thing, there hasn't been time. It is less than a hundred years since Walt's "barbaric yawp" first sounded above the roofs of the world. At that time we were not sure that any of the Muses had crossed the Atlantic, or that they should be given naturalization papers. We had to get over our sense of shock at seeing an American, obviously able-bodied and not a college professor, spending his life in writing what he called "pomes." And it did not help that these effusions were composed in what he thought was an American lingo, or that they dealt with American themes. They committed the impropriety, not to say the sacrilege, of trying to connect beauty with serious matters such as business and politics. Moreover, they did not come in the recognized poetical packages. They were as innocent of rhyme and meter as their author was of a necktie. They spoke in plain terms about plain things such as locomotives and cab-drivers, not to mention other matters which were—unmentionable. And so the Anthony Comstocks had to be heard from. We had to listen to the pundits of Boston and the poetasters of the Century Club. We had to wait for the opinions of the English critics about the bull in our china shop. All this took time. It has taken so much time that not even today has Whitman come home to the audience for which he wrote. We have not accepted his invitation:

> Take my leaves, America!
> Take them, South, and take them, North!
> Make welcome for them everywhere,
> For they are your own offspring.
> Surround them, East and West!
> For they would surround you.

Yet Whitman comes nearer to us, or we approach him more closely, year by year. For a long while he has been shaping the minds by which he is to be understood, as Marcel Proust used to say that every creative artist and thinker must do. And recently this approach has been hastened by outward events. We are reading Whitman more because we need him —need his vision of what America is at the core and what it must therefore become. We need his faith in democracy, if only to answer the doubts and fears that he had long ago. For this reason a good book about Whitman comes just now in the nick of time.

Mr. Canby has made not a photograph but a portrait. His book is an interpretation of the record open to everyone. "Now," he says, "when it is so necessary for Americans to feel the strength and continuity of their own traditions, a new life of Whitman should be not so much a final mopping-up of unpublished letters and fragments as an attempt to set in order and make use of all pertinent information." In his opinion, "the clues to the so-called mystery of Walt Whitman are not to be found in unrevealed scraps of personal experience but in the unique history of the electric America in which he matured, an America charged with spiritual idealism, double-charged with intellectual and physical energy." He holds that although Whitman was certainly not representative of America in the nineteenth century, he was in a high degree symbolic of his time and place in "its expansive-

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ness, its moral conflicts, its essential quality of continual revolution, its struggle for fraternity, its large hopes." To Whitman's assertion that "America *is* democracy" Mr. Canby adds his own, that "Whitman *is* democracy," leaving us to recall that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

This book is written not in a mood of hero-worship but with that warmth of affection which Whitman somehow awakens in all who come close to him, even by means of the printed page. Mr. Canby is at some pains to dispel certain parts of the Whitman legend for which there has never been found any warrant in fact. He makes it clear that Walt was by no means freakish, lazy, dissolute, or inclined to claim the alleged licenses of the "artistic temperament." That he posed a good deal, always dressed for his part, wrote many of his own blurbs and reviews, and talked too much about himself is what everyone knows, but his biographer thinks it more important that he was a good son and brother, that he had a genius for friendship, and that love, in all the senses the word can bear, was the vitalizing essence of his life. He treats Whitman's attitude toward sex with good sense and moderation, using all the knowledge about this matter that we have, or need. He emphasizes what may be called the normalities of Whitman's career, such as the modest success he attained in journalism and his close acquaintance with practical politics. Some of his best pages are those that deal with Walt's work as a nurse, or rather as a hospital visitor, in the years of the Civil War. It was by means of that work, he believes, that Whitman discovered the deeper meanings of love, of democracy, and of America.

Mr. Canby's book is least satisfactory in what it says, and does not say, about Whitman's style. To mention a small matter first, one does not see what he can mean by asserting that the characteristic movement of Whitman's verse is "trochaic" when even the examples he cites are obviously dactylic. One wishes that there might have been something said about the effect Whitman gives, when at his best, of finding his words far below the surface of his conscious thought. In this connection, too, it might have been pointed out how admirably the structure of his best longer poems grows, as it were, from within. Too obvious for mention, perhaps, because it is of poetry's essence, is his constant recourse to the concrete, the actual, the specific; and closely related to this is the way in which his thought often shoots up from the seed of fact into an Ygdrasil of meanings that embrace the world and fill the sky. Thus his "Passage to India," in which he comes nearest to greatness, begins with the Suez Canal and the Union Pacific Railroad but ends with a prophecy of the soul's destination.

Whitman's style, both in prose and verse, is often magnificent, but one can guess why Mr. Canby has here paid it comparatively little attention. The important things about Whitman, at any rate to us at the present time, are of another sort. He helped to set free not our verse alone but our thoughts and moods. He assisted mightily in the effort, still going on, to swing poetry away from its aristocratic past and to make it a common possession. In the place of solitude and all the wealth of meaning that word was given by Emerson and Thoreau, in the place of self-reliance, "rugged individualism," and isolation in all its aspects, he helped us to put the ideal of solidarity. And there can be no doubt what advice he would give his country, if he were living now, upon its greatest present problem. "I do not seem able," he said in later life, "to bring myself to love America, to desire American prosperity, at the expense of other nations."

Surprising as this remark may be coming from a man who had once been almost ludicrously chauvinistic, it represents the considered opinion of Whitman's maturer years. And the bridge by which he passed from his boasting about "These States" into an all-embracing internationalism was, simply, his love for mankind. In one of the most deeply characteristic of his utterances he said: "I want the people: most of all the people: the crowd, the mass, the whole body of the people: men, women, children: I want them to have all that belongs to them: not a part of it, not most of it, but all of it: I want anything done that will give the people their proper opportunities—their full life: anything, anything: whether by one means or another, I want the people to be given their due."

More than fifty years have passed since those burning words were spoken, and the political party to which Whitman belonged has done something on the task he set. He could not have told us how it is to be completed, but today there are many thousands serving on his Ways and Means Committee.

ODELL SHEPARD

Partisans vs. Chetniks

MY NATIVE LAND. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

LOUIS ADAMIC tells us that since the summer of 1942 he has been receiving weekly bundles of "memoranda, underground papers, clippings, and official documents" which reveal—to his satisfaction, at least—the true state of affairs in occupied Yugoslavia. On the basis of these and other anonymous sources, supported by quotations from the Russian or Communist press and radio—*Inter-Continent News,* the *Daily Worker,* the Free Yugoslavia radio and Radio Tiflis—he has written a 507-page tract against the *Mikhailovitchevtsi* and in favor of *Partizanstvo.* Though he has included four appendices, he has neglected to provide an index; and in a book as full of controversial material as this one the lack of an index is a serious defect.

Mr. Adamic is writing here as a pamphleteer, not as a historian, and it is perhaps unfair to ask that he substantiate his every assertion. Nevertheless, I wish he had been a little more careful about his facts, many of which are demonstrably mistaken, and a little less eager to bend his somewhat dubious source material to fit the purposes of his argument. It is easy enough to demolish the Mihailovich legend without making a legend of the Partisans, which is what I am afraid Mr. Adamic, by inductive reasoning and wishful thinking, has done. Granting that the *Mikhailovitchevtsi* have become pan-Serbian nationalists, to compare Mihailovich himself with Gamelin, and his followers with the Spanish Falange, is hitting, it seems to me, below the belt. Moreover, since he was born in Slovenia, Mr. Adamic writes from a strongly Slovenian and therefore pro-Croatian point of view and ignores the many arguments in favor of the

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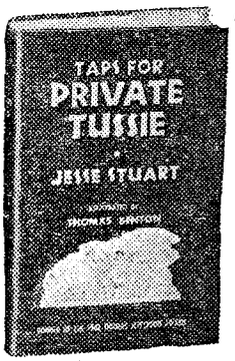

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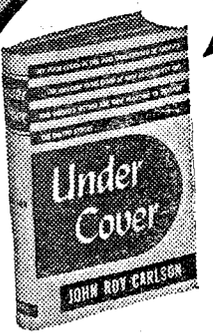

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Serbian cause. I think he minimizes unduly the pertinent if unpalatable facts that it was the Serbs alone who fought the Germans in the beginning, and that Serbian irregulars were carrying on guerrilla warfare long before the Liberation Front came into being. If the Partisans accuse the *Mikhailovitchevtsi* of treason now, the *Mikhailovitchevtsi* with equal cause accused the potential Partisans of treason then. Mr. Adamic himself admits that the collapse of Yugoslavia was probably "not a wholly unwelcome occurrence" to many of the Slovenes and Croats who are leading the Partisans today. For my part, I find it difficult to forget that Croatian Communists, like their comrades in France, refused to fight for their country until after the Germans invaded Russia. Mr. Adamic explains such defection as "a new morality, a new patriotism"; and—cynicism aside—he may possibly be right, for the old Yugoslavia, like the old France, was in many ways intolerable to people who yearned for a real new order, not a restoration of the old. On the other hand, if, as Mr. Adamic believes, the Liberation Front will lead straight to sovietization, will it not create a counter-force of equally democratic opinion in favor of Balkan federation but opposed to making Yugoslavia a Russian province? On which side will lie patriotism then?

The Serbian position of the moment, at least as represented by Mihailovich, the government in exile, and the *American Serbobran* in Pittsburgh, has admittedly reached a chauvinistic phase. It is inconceivable that the decrepit leaders of the exiled government will be acceptable after the war to any but the most reactionary elements in Yugoslavia. Even King Peter—though he is too young to have done much harm as yet—will be unacceptable to an overwhelming majority of Croats and Slovenes, if not of Serbs, because of the sorry records of Paul and Alexander. One proposition no longer denied by anyone, be he pan-Serb or ultra-Croat, progressive or reactionary, is that Yugoslavia cannot and will not be recreated if the Karageorgevich dynasty is restored.

But is sovietization the only answer to the disreputable dynasties of which our Metternichs of the State Department and Foreign Office are apparently so enamored? Will Russian imperialism be any more acceptable to the Balkan peoples than the Anglo-Saxon variety? I seriously doubt it. Though the Russian philosophy undoubtedly has much to commend it, to Russians, I still think the bulk of the Balkan peoples—and Greeks must be considered as well as Yugoslavs—would prefer to emulate American history if our leaders would but give them the opportunity. The stumbling-block, of course, is that our legitimist truckling to the House of Savoy in Italy—to say nothing of our apparent preference for Franco and Badoglio over Tito and De Gaulle—is rapidly causing our would-be allies among the peoples of Europe to despair of Anglo-Saxon ideals. Nevertheless, those ideals are still alive and vibrant, in the Balkans as everywhere else; and what the Communist leaders of the Liberation Front are offering the Yugoslavs today is not collectivization, dogma, and regimentation but a Bill of Rights, freedom of speech and assembly, separation of church and state, and a popular, representative government within a nuclear Balkan federation. This excellent program, I submit, is closer to the Anglo-Saxon tradition than it is to what Russia has to offer, at least on the basis of its immediate past. What our leaders have been unable to see, and what Mr. Adamic makes abundantly clear, is that Russia through the Partisans has been stealing our democratic thunder by our default. Mr. Adamic believes that the Atlantic Charter and the United Nations are little more than fictions. Here again he may be right; if he is, then sovietization may be the simplest if not the best ending of the Balkan tragedy. But I very much fear that in the process the Balkan peoples will once again have been cheated of their legitimate aspirations.

LEIGH WHITE

Reading, Writing, and Rules

THE READER OVER YOUR SHOULDER. A Handbook for Writers of English Prose. By Robert Graves and Alan Hodge. The Macmillan Company. $3.

THE obvious weakness of most handbooks on writing is that they are turned out by people who don't know how to write. The average manual, while explaining grammar, outrages idiom, and while inculcating correctness, murders style. Indeed, it does rather well if it does no worse, for most authors of handbooks don't know what they are talking about, and are hardly better mentors than models. They would rap my knuckles because I said "people" rather than "persons" in the first sentence of this review, and they will rap yours if you use "apt" for "likely" or say "those sort of things." They will tell you that "enthuse" is not a word, never dreaming that "motivate" is not one either. They point out that "balance" does not mean "remainder"—though no harm would be done if it were allowed to—but not that "affable" doesn't mean "friendly"—though a fine distinction is lost by letting it.

I was therefore exhilarated by the sight of this book: at last two writers, one of them famous, had taken over the job from the pedants. But, everything considered, they had better hand it back again. "The Reader Over Your Shoulder" is, in its own way, a very interesting book, but as a manual—and its subtitle proclaims it to be one—it is an absurdity. Its presentation is both confused and confusing; its contents are wantonly heterogeneous and often shamelessly irrelevant. To call it a handbook is like calling a peddler's pack a filing cabinet. The book's nature would have been better advertised had Mr. Hodge's collaborator been a Mr. Podge.

Mr. Hodge and his collaborator have, to be sure, sound and even benevolent intentions. They would foster better writing, not to save the writer's soul, but to preserve the reader's sanity. Realizing the speed at which a modern reader travels, they want the modern writer to befuddle, mislead, and distract him as little as possible. They want to banish the flabby, the imprecise, the otiose; they seek not only the right order of words but the right sequence of sentences and the right marshaling of paragraphs. They plead for logic and clarity in writing, and they hope for grace.

But these champions of order fail to exemplify it. Their book's arrangement violates all the rules they lay down for prose arrangement. There is very little coherence, partly because there is very little unity. For one thing, Mr. Graves and Mr. Hodge don't bother to get down to rules until they have wallowed in irrelevancies. For another, they shuttle capriciously between very elementary problems of writing

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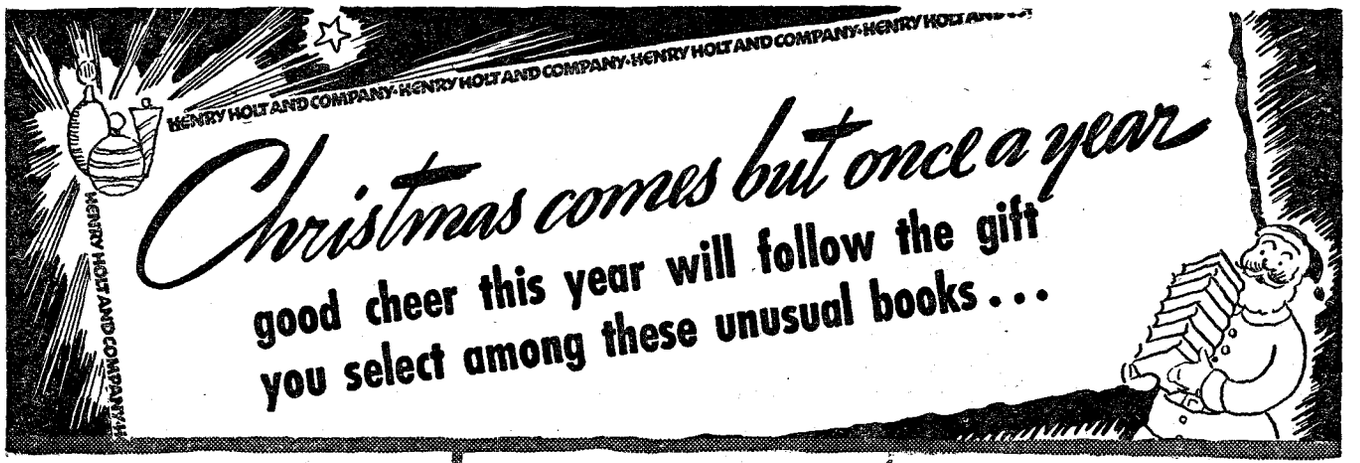
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and quite advanced ones. And what, all the time, they have up their sleeve is a packet of Horrible Examples from the prose of some fifty well-known contemporaries, to the dissecting and rewriting of which they devote the last 239 of their 446 pages. But all that in good time.

The book opens with chapters on the nature of the English language and on the qualities, good and bad, in several centuries of English prose style. These chapters have a certain interest and value, though they merely skim the surface and, what is more serious, slide out of bounds. Thus, into a handbook on writing Mr. Graves and Mr. Hodge introduce much factual matter about writers ("[Jeremy Taylor] was born in 1613 and became rector of a village in Rutlandshire . . .") together with much comment about literature ("[Defoe's characters] have few qualms of conscience while engaged in their felonies"). Irrelevant or not, all this might just squeak through in a book that assumed a certain cultural awareness in its readers. But Mr. Graves and Mr. Hodge assume, on the contrary, that their readers are absolute ignoramuses, and refer to "Demosthenes, the most famous orator of Athens"; while elsewhere they act as though their readers were positive illiterates: "Parenthesis-signs," our authors remark, "are always used in pairs"!

At page 127 Messrs. Graves and Hodge are in a mood to confide their "own principles for writing prose . . . twenty-five concerned with clarity of statement, and sixteen with grace of expression." Most of these rules make excellent sense, but a number of them are laboriously expounded, and a few are sheer pedantry. We are told, for example, that no paragraph should begin with "but." Well, what is commonly regarded as the great classic of American prose begins a paragraph with "But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate . . ."; and even if it didn't, Mr. Graves's and Mr. Hodge's reasoning would be just as unsound.

Their rules enunciated, Mr. Graves and Mr. Hodge have a dandy time applying them to the wayward prose of various politicians and military men, and of such distinguished writers as Wells, Shaw, Eliot, and Hemingway. They concede that many of the things they find fault with are trifling; the point is that they are so numerous: "Though a single fly-spot does not make a dirty window-pane, twenty or thirty do." In any case, Mr. Graves and Mr. Hodge drum up plenty of business for the window cleaners. But though this section of the book makes very good sport, it does not—in the handbook sense—serve too useful an end. For one thing, our authors go in for the worst sort of hairsplitting. They would, for example, amend Eliot's "English criticism is inclined to argue . . ." to "English critics are inclined to argue": surely this is worse than puristic, it is downright repressive—it robs prose of so valid and immemorial a tool as personification. Again, Messrs. Graves's and Hodge's breakdown of their Horrible Examples becomes insufferably tedious, from both the great number and the frequent over-niceness of its points; it wearies a reader far too much to benefit him. Finally, it is foolish of our authors, no matter how modest their intentions, to rewrite the offending passages: their own versions have necessarily the neutral quality of a translation, since they wash the color out of an Eliot while permitting none of the color of a Graves and Hodge. Surely prose that lacks character is no more exemplary than prose that lacks clearness.

I don't suppose there is anybody who can't somewhere profit by reading this book. But I can conceive of no one for whom it will prove a really serviceable manual. As a reference book it is hopeless: far from following dictionary principles, it doesn't even have an index. As a textbook it is almost as hopeless, because it lacks logical development. As a compendium, it omits many obvious matters for discussion, including my own pet abomination, the verbal junk-jewelry of every age—such things, in our own age, as "vis-à-vis Hitler" or "militarily." Finally, as a carry-all, it accommodates no class of traveler comfortably. Its subtitle would apply equally to Santayana and to any British M. Jourdain who had to write a letter. Beginners are far better served by such a book as Maxwell Nurnberg's "What's the Good Word?"; writers of all classes are infinitely better served by the justly famous Mr. Fowler. Indeed, the more I see of other manualists, the more my admiration for Fowler grows.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Education and Wisdom

LIBERAL EDUCATION. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

IN A sense "Liberal Education" is a war book. At any rate, the author states in his preface that the war was its "immediate occasion." It was written in the conviction that the present disruption of liberal education in the United States is temporary, that never again will the American people be satisfied with the pre-war "college of liberal arts," and that now is the time to do our educational thinking for the post-war period.

The book is brilliantly written. This of course would be anticipated by anyone who is at all familiar with the work and talents of the author. It is also a serious book. This is one of its greatest merits. From the first page to the last Mr. Van Doren presents education as an extremely serious matter, whether viewed from the individual or the social standpoint. He presents education too as a most arduous and exacting undertaking. All of this is timely and true.

On the negative side "Liberal Education" constitutes a vigorous and uncompromising attack on a trend of more than a century in American higher education—the trend to "liberalize," to use the word of the period, the inherited classical curriculum of the colleges. This trend may be said to have been inaugurated by Thomas Jefferson with the founding of the University of Virginia in 1819. Here for the first time the "elective principle," as it came to be called later, was introduced. The students were allowed some freedom of choice in the subjects pursued. In the same year George Ticknor, a friend of Jefferson and a teacher of modern languages, joined the Harvard faculty. From that time until he severed his connection with the college at Cambridge in 1835 this powerful advocate of "modern studies" fought with some success to soften the rigidity of the traditional curriculum. In these years many other colleges, notably Amherst, Bowdoin, Brown, and Union, moved in the same direction. The trend reached its culmination in 1894 under the leadership of a nephew of George Ticknor, President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard. In that year the only

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absolute requirement remaining in this college was Freshman English. Although such an extreme application of the elective principle has been extremely rare, the Harvard example, combined with forces working in American life and scholarship, influenced profoundly the practices of American colleges.

The weakness of the elective principle has been apparent from the time of its first appearance. And it has generally functioned merely as one among several principles guiding the construction and administration of the college curriculum. It served a useful purpose in breaking the "cake of custom" and in opening the way for the introduction of modern subjects. To the extent that this was its only purpose its adoption constituted an evasion of responsibility by educational leaders. Instead of confronting squarely the problem of creating the best possible education for youth, they yielded to pressures of subject-matter groups and passed on to the student the supremely difficult task of making educational choices and thus of building the curriculum. Mr. Van Doren is quite right in viewing this as a case of professional abdication. It might be compared with the action of a physician who places all of his medicines "without prejudice" at the discretion of his patient.

On the positive side the author declares that educators must confront the very problem which the advocates of the "elective principle" avoided. They must answer without equivocation the two most fundamental questions in education: "What things shall be studied, and in what order?" Mr. Van Doren then asserts that "a system of education which avoids those questions and concentrates on the problems of administration or teaching method, or which broods in public upon the metaphysics of student life, has lost its aim." With this thesis all serious students of education must agree.

However, when the author proceeds to state without qualification that "the search for a curriculum is the search for one that is worthy to be uniform and universal," many who are as deeply devoted to the cause of liberal education as he will refuse to follow him. Life demonstrates every day that the human mind may be disciplined and liberated in many and diverse ways. The aphorism adapted from Lucretius that "one man's meat is another man's poison" is as applicable to the process of education as to any other department of life.

Of those who follow the author through his advocacy of the "uniform and universal curriculum," many more will leave his company when they see the curriculum he proposes. He conceives the educational problem essentially as that of training the human mind. In the concrete this means "learning the arts of investigation, discovery, criticism, and communication." The best materials devised for this purpose in the whole history of education are the trivium and the quadrivium, or the seven liberal arts of grammar, dialectic, and rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy. But these liberal arts cannot be practiced *in vacuo*. Nor should they be practiced with second- or third-rate materials. The entire logic of the book therefore leads as straight as an arrow to the St. John's College curriculum—to the one hundred or more "great books" from Homer's "Iliad" to Veblen's "Projective Geometry"!

By this time it is obvious that we are almost back to our

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starting-point. The elective system in its extreme form was an evasion of professional responsibility. Recourse to the "great books," like the rigid classical curriculum of the eighteenth century, is a similar evasion. In the last analysis it belongs in the same category, though on a more pretentious plane, as the doctrine of following the pupil's interests or of counting and computing averages of human activities. For a limited number of students it would doubtless constitute a valuable program of studies. But if the plan were ever generally adopted, one can easily foresee the consequences. After its novelty had worn away, after the initial enthusiasm of the instructors had been dissipated, and after the sense of intellectual snobbery generated in students by its esoteric emphasis had been lost, it would degenerate into a lifeless routine. Comenius, the great Moravian educator whom Mr. Van Doren quotes frequently and with approval, once characterized schools of his time with a similar emphasis "as slaughter-houses of the mind . . . places where minds are fed on words."

The beginning of wisdom with regard to education is recognition of the fact that the problem of education is not to be separated from the problem of civilization. Only as we confront the latter can we succeed in confronting the former. And the problem of our civilization is certainly quite as much a moral as it is an intellectual problem.

GEORGE S. COUNTS

An Accuracy of Abundance

JOHN STEUART CURRY'S PAGEANT OF AMERICA. By Laurence E. Schmeckebier. American Artists Group. $5.

JOHN STEUART CURRY was born in Kansas in 1897 and is now Artist in Residence at the University of Wisconsin. His native state, the sunflower state, is geographically the center of America, and as noted by Reginald Marsh, the Hereford bull "Ajax"—completed as an oil in 1940—is "good beef" and is also John Curry. The bull has "the solid weight of sculpture," "the mass is insistent"; "as he grazes he leans," head sideward to tear the grass, his legs planted with a certain "deadly earnestness."

Mr. Curry's factual understanding of animals is daringly honest; as portrayed in the "hip slouch" of a tired horse, the sitting crouch of a frightened horse, in "The Stallion" "as he prances forth from the runway into the arena." Curry has always had an admiration for hogs, we are told, and this admiration has a counterpart in his respect for elephants. "With an elephant's as with a pig's eyes," he says, "you don't see the eye at first," "then suddenly you become conscious of its gleaming presence in the shadow of the ear."

Animals are eternity not less than subjects of a different kind; yet Mr. Curry's symbolic demands for national repentance should in themselves be enough to make him glad to have been born. "The trembling terror of the fugitive," his feet prehensilely flattened like bark to the tree; John Brown towering above "free-soil and pro-slavery forces," "a man who, when the nation was stagnating and threatening to disintegrate, pointed the way to renewed strength"—there with a vengeance, we have "the shock of vital subject matter." We have it also in the drawing "Corn Stalks," in which the plant's hard-veined, stiffly fluting ribbons seem a portrait of Mr. Curry's statement, "My whole life was made up of sensations. I used to go out in the garden and pull tomato vines to pieces so that I could smell them."

His biographer calls him "a factual romanticist"—poetry being fact plus imagination, or as Wallace Stevens puts it, "an accuracy of abundance." The brown thrasher fronting the sun from the well-furnished osage-orange bough is the farm's Magnificat. "Flora" is both a person and spring; "Chris L. Christensen" is a friend to art and the genius of agricultural research. "Love Is Like a Bird"—like "two lovers swinging through the air in the dove-shaped gondola of a rickety Ferris Wheel"; love has a "stocky cylindrical form" with sow's ears, biting at a snake in defense of hapless young; love is like a coffin in "The Return of Private Davis." One does not envy Mr. Curry the life he has led, but one envies him the heart for such a life, his patience with fakes, failures, and victims; his courage, reverence, compassion, humility, his will to storm the stars. Struggle has been his release—exteriorized in man's conflict with emotion (the "religious" subjects), with the "elements" (tornado and flood scenes), with "beasts," and with man ("battle scenes and athletic contests").

Artist in Residence has a pleasing sound; this one, however, has been and in feeling is a farmer, to whom as to the seaman weather is more than weather; it is life and death. And besides the twister, the flood, lightning, and erosion, there are the plagues—"the parched earth," the "dust storm," "the blazing sun" before which "floats the cloud of hoppers." Mr. Curry feels that painting should be true to "the still small voice" of "birth, training, environment, and faith." He has worked to achieve "solid form, controlled movement, and clear space," the subject "so organized that it fits into a design that gives it authority"; as where a predominating form arranges the lesser mass—the awning of the merry-go-round, for example, in the crowd at the "State Fair." There are moments when the needful technique ceases to operate: when the paint has a worked-with look ("The Light of the World"), or the line strays ("Performing Tiger"). No one, however, could be more conscious than John Curry of what he regards as his "seemingly insurmountable shortcomings." He is indefatigable like the badger, and Paris for him was not a luxury but a place in which to learn to draw; when he felt that he could achieve better results by using oil with tempera, he changed to that method; his working note, "Wrinkles go at right angles to muscles," savors of mastery, nor is it pulling the heavens down about his ears to say that in his "Stallion" the white of the eye, the white bobbins, and white underglaze conduce to a Piero della Francesca clear splendor of actuality. But he has said in words as with pigment, "Great art is within you," "There is no borrowed coat of perfect fit"; and Professor Schmeckebier's generous diminishings of the immortal great to advantage him result in automatic resistance. "Ruben's" for "Rubens's," "pig's" for "pigs'," and faulty indexing might be charged to bad proofreading. As writing, however, the pull of the meaning in one direction is against the pull of the phrase in another, the unnecessary word blurs what would have been clearer without it, and even supposing

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Professor Schmeckebier to be foreign, his wording throughout the book is dangerously inexact.

"Kansas," Mr. Jewell says, "has found her Homer"; but Mr. Curry is modest. Jealousy and animosity are not in him. He thinks of painting as something that can be enjoyed "here and now by you and you." He feels that America's intensity need not always be a "tragic prelude." He thinks of the artist as a self-devoted servant, not a hireling. Surely, as one who would be "more completely than ever a servant of the people," he has found freedom. MARIANNE MOORE

The Perpetual Debate

MAJORITY RULE AND MINORITY RIGHTS. By Henry Steele Commager. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

ONE of the perennial issues in political philosophy is the relation between the power of the majority and the rights of the minority. Treated as a purely theoretical problem it is a special case of the relation between political authority and moral legitimacy. But in the thick of social struggles it has never been considered as a purely theoretical problem. Depending upon the interests involved, majorities have been cried up or down. Spokesmen for the democratic movement in the past have counterposed the rights of the majority to the tyranny of the minority. Since minorities have also been tyrannical toward other minorities, democratic majorities, fighting against clerical and feudal minorities, have insisted upon constitutional safeguards for all individuals.

Today we can observe an ideological pendular swing in the other direction. Many democrats and liberals are asking: What is to protect minorities from the tyranny of the majority, particularly in a collectivist state? Instead of answering, "A more enlightened majority," some say the wisdom of a minority, others the sacredness of natural law, and still others judicial protection through the power of courts to nullify legislation abridging personal rights.

Mr. Commager's book is an eloquent, forthright, and cogent appeal for the unqualified acceptance of the majority principle as expressed through the democratic process. It is thoroughly Jeffersonian in spirit and meets squarely, although a little too briefly, all the arguments that may be raised against the position on the political and historical level. Both its dedication and its subject matter suggest that its subtitle might very well be "The Vindication of Felix Frankfurter." Justice Frankfurter has been very severely criticized by liberals for his opinion in the Gobitis case. According to Mr. Commager, it is Frankfurter's liberal critics who are deficient in understanding the character of the democratic faith, whereas Frankfurter himself, in upholding the authority of legislative majorities, is continuing the tradition of Jefferson and Lincoln.

The nub of Commager's contention is that if the majority cannot be trusted to defend individual rights, neither can the minority. If and when the majority errs, it is better that its mistakes be set right by the unimpeded educational processes of democracy than corrected by the fiats of judicial nullification. In the words of Felix Frankfurter, "Where all the effective means of inducing political changes are left free from interference, education in the abandonment of foolish

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legislation is itself a training in liberty." Commager is more consistent than Frankfurter in realizing that ultimately this line of thought calls into question the very existence of the Supreme Court as an agency of legislative nullification.

The issue is of such primary importance that it deserves to be scrutinized more closely and disentangled from a number of other issues which are usually involved with it. First, it is not the bare fact of a majority which is significant but a majority reached through democratic process. This process is characterized by a whole set of conditions, too numerous to list here, but they explain why a majority vote has no legitimacy in the eyes of a democrat if it is cast under the shadow of bayonets, or when opposition is absent. Second, this does *not* entail a belief that a democratic majority is always right, as so many critics charge. The reasonableness of the democratic process does not lie in any specific piece of legislation but in the rationale of the *method* by which majority decisions are made. The democratic faith is that men are sufficiently reasonable to discover, in the face of evidence and the give and take of free discussion, a better way of solving their common problems than through anarchy or despotism, which Lincoln properly regarded as the only alternatives to democratic majority rule. Part of the faith in the democratic process is that errors may be corrected by more of the same process, only better. Finally, although it is compatible with, it by no means logically requires, a belief in the objectivity of moral standards, the conception of natural law or of divine law with which discussions of democracy are often confused. From the assumption of the existence of God no one can logically affirm or deny that He speaks through the voice of the democratic majority or the voice of the clerics. Natural rights which are not taken as absolute even by those who believe they are inalienable must be interpreted in respect to their meaning and limits of application. It is not clear that a democratic majority is less reliable in interpreting them than a court dignitary.

After all, there are three possible courses open to anyone who believes that a democratic majority is guilty of what De Tocqueville called "legitimate tyranny and holy injustice." He may obey a bad law on the ground that such obedience is a lesser evil than the possible consequence of bringing all law into disrespect by violating the bad law. He may refuse to obey the will of the democratic majority but accept punishment willingly, in fact, insist upon it, while seeking to remove or revise the law by democratic process. Or he may appeal to heaven or to conscience, secede or revolt. But in the last case, even if he believes himself justified, he cannot honestly call himself a democrat.

Although these general considerations are pertinent to an understanding of majority rule in a democracy, it is of course true that historical conflicts between majorities and minorities may involve interests some of which will not submit to the arbitrament of the democratic process. The goal and method of a democratic program, among other things, should aim at introducing such institutional changes that those who lose in the process of democratic struggle may still be able to lead lives of usefulness and dignity. In time, then, loyalty to the democratic method of reaching decisions may take priority over loyalties to any one of the things we hope to win by it.

SIDNEY HOOK

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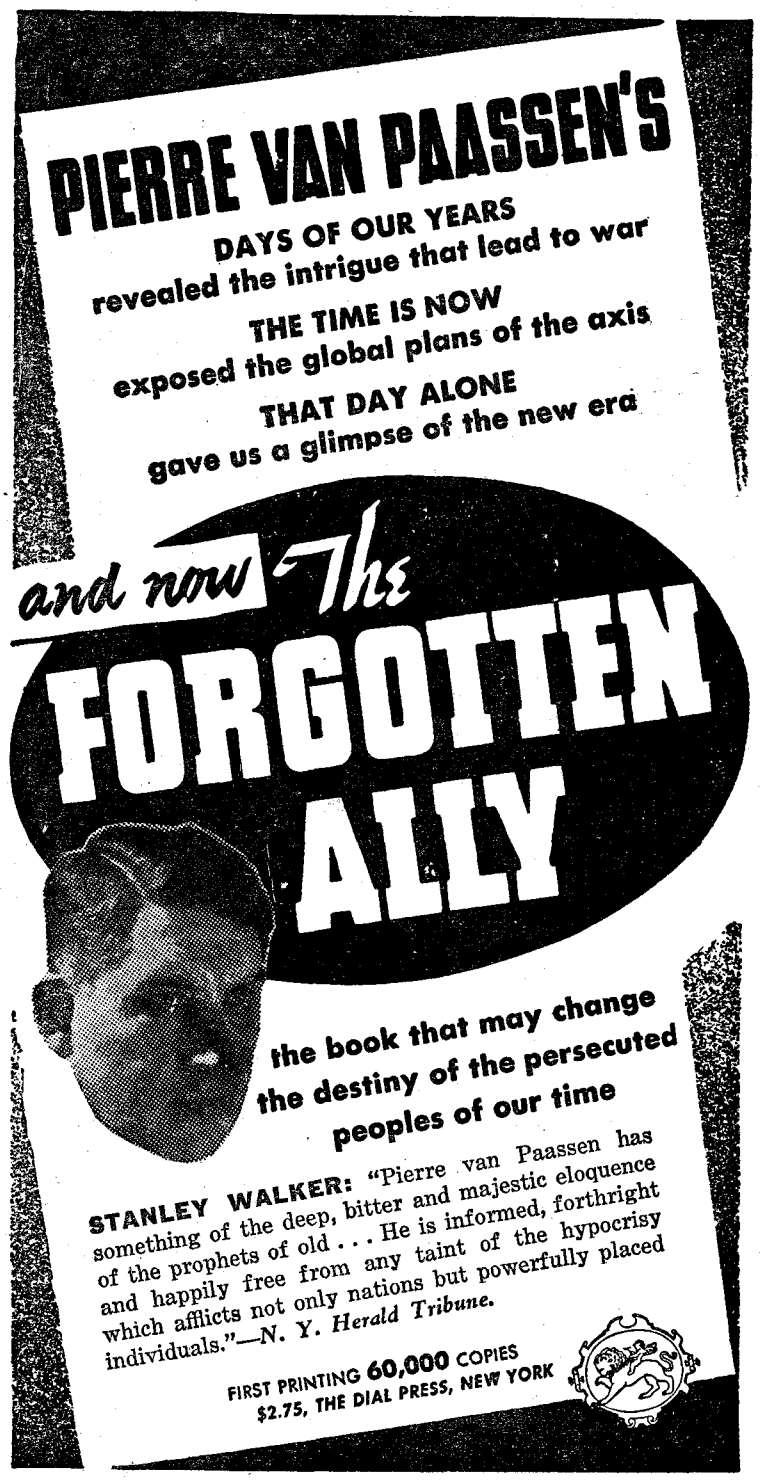
MUSIC

KURT ATTERBERG'S Symphony No. 6, which Toscanini performed at his fourth N. B. C. Symphony broadcast, struck me as a work which would be getting quite a few performances these days if Sweden were a combatant instead of a neutral in the war (it is, of course, right for huge, powerful Russia to make token payments of friendship to Nazi Germany when other nations are fighting against Germany; but for little Sweden to do anything like that after Nazi Germany has knifed Russia into the war—that is villainous and forfeits Swedish music's claim to the interest of our musical public). I was struck, that is, by its resemblances to the music of Shostakovitch: the music is that of another facile mind with nothing real of its own to say but with a slick technique which serves it fluently as it hops from one thing, one style, one trick to another—now flowing lyricism like Shostakovitch's, now this lyricism harmonically distorted like Shostakovitch's, now a harmonically distorted grimace like Shostakovitch's, now a stroke of smart-Alec humor like Shostakovitch's, and even battle music in the first movement, which is a sort of small-scale version of the first movement of Shostakovitch's "Leningrad" Symphony. In its entirety Atterberg's Symphony No. 6 is on a smaller scale and less solemnly pretentious than any of Shostakovitch's, including the First, which it resembles most; but that would make it the proper expression of the suffering and heroism and ultimate triumph of a smaller nation, if Sweden were in the war; and as, say, the "Malmö" Symphony it would get a smaller but still a considerable number of performances which it is not likely to get as merely the Symphony No. 6.

Atterberg wrote his symphony in 1927; and it is quite likely that he had not heard Shostakovitch's First Symphony, which had been written in 1925. I am inclined to believe that the resemblances resulted, rather, from the fact that each composer was acquainted with the music of western Europe. And whereas you would expect the distortions and grimaces of this product of a decaying capitalist civilization to appear in the music of a composer in capitalist Sweden, you would not expect to find them in the music of a composer in a young socialist state; and you would also expect at least some of the music critics and the general public in this socialist state to be aware of this and to speak of it. True, Shostakovitch was rebuked for his "formalism" in 1936; but the meaninglessness of criticism as practiced in Russia was demonstrated when—Shostakovitch having completed the appropriate retirement for "inner self-criticism"—the same old distortions and grimaces, with a few brassy concluding affirmations tacked on, were praised as evidence of his having embarked on the new and right course of "socialist realism."

I have been given an explanation of WQXR's procedure in broadcasting the living performances of the New Friends of Music concerts in the normal way, and broadcasting only recorded performances of the works on Frequency Modulation. When a concert is broadcast the union very properly requires that the performers be paid an additional fee, which varies with the transmitting power of the station. If the concert is broadcast also on FM another fee must be paid to the performers; however, for FM the union prescribes one fee regardless of the transmitting power of the station; and WQXR considers the fee too great for the size of its FM audience.

B. H. HAGGIN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Letters to the Editors

The Farmer and the Plow

Dear Sirs: Clarence Armstrong no doubt was right when he said in your issue of November 13 that the editors of *The Nation* are not farmers or they would not have published Mr. Lord's review of "Plowman's Folly." Had they been farmers they would have had their eyes closed to any improvement; and I suspect that Mr. Armstrong—if he is a farmer—is one of those who has eyes but sees not. It was probably due to the fact that the editors are independent and forward-thinking people and not tied to the traditions of the past that they saw in it something that is going to receive considerable attention in the future.

The vastly increased demands that the people of this country and the people of other countries are going to make upon food and other products of our farms is going to bring to a close our system of soil squandering. Otherwise our farms will be taken over by more capable hands. We will have to do what Mr. Armstrong says is impossible—we will have to learn how to eat our cake and have it. Under proper tillage land should become more productive every year it is farmed. And this without the addition of much foreign matter in the way of commercial fertilizer. Nature has provided us with the raw material, and it is up to us to learn how to use it.

Contrary to Mr. Armstrong, most thinking farmers are conscious of the limitations of the plow. But their attitude has been that since there is nothing better in sight there isn't anything that they can do about it. I remember my father years ago referring to the old horse-drawn plow as an imperfect implement but one that we would have to put up with until something better was invented. After tractor-drawn plows came into use he remarked that the motive power had been vastly improved but that the plow itself was as unsatisfactory as before. He had hoped that with the increased power a better system of turning up the soil would go with it.

Without going into details I will enumerate only two of his objections: (1) it increased the dangers of erosion; (2) it turned the organic matter on the surface down as a blanket at the bottom of the furrow. This blanket was undesirable, for (a) it interfered with the natural flow of soil water upward in dry weather; (b) it caused a temporary "taking up" or "locking" of a considerable part of the available nitrogen in this blanket.

"One of the chief objects of tillage is the deep and thorough incorporation of organic matter in the soil" (L. H. Bailey, p. 83, Vol. I, "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture"). The plow fails to do this thorough mixing. Organic matter thoroughly mixed improves the texture of the soil, assists in the flow of soil water, and does not make an undue claim upon the available nitrogen.

What is needed is an implement that will not only loosen up the soil but will distribute the organic matter evenly throughout the tilled surface and not leave the surface too much exposed. The disk harrow has been proposed as such an implement, but it has not received the trial it deserves. Nor are there proper types on the market. This is probably due to the fact that the average American farmer has been interested in getting all he can out of the soil today without a thought of tomorrow and, as Mr. Lord says, farms himself out of a farm in fifty years.

ROY LONGENECKER

Canton, Ohio, November 18

That Coal Settlement

Dear Sirs: In commenting on the coal-mine settlement in the issue of November 13 you end with the somewhat alarming note: "The most serious cause for apprehension in connection with the settlement lies in the fact that it will undoubtedly strengthen Lewis's prestige not only within the United Mine Workers but in the labor movement as a whole."

The coal settlement is an accomplishment! And in the future, when passions have died down and tempers have cooled, the true picture of the significance and importance of the controversy will be realized and made clear—even to those who were most bitter and determined to prevent an agreement.

As for Lewis's leadership, it is for workers to appraise that, not for interests, groups, or individuals who have posed in various lights and instances as "friends" of labor. Real unionism calls for genuine leadership—"leaders who have their eyes on labor's ball and are not always looking to the sidelines for applause from politicians, professors, social workers, and all that fringe of parasites who have tried to hang on to the labor movement to help their personal or political careers."

Lewis's niche in the labor movement already is established; your files can attest to that. And workers can, and do, remember and distinguish.

PAUL GLEBOVICH

Clinton, Okla., November 22

Army Education

Dear Sirs: Reinhold Niebuhr's article on army education in England was excellent. Recently we took matters into our own hands at this American camp. We were unable to get our Special Service officer to do anything about discussion groups. The Red Cross opened a club here not long ago. The girl in charge called me in and asked me to start a discussion group. We got in touch with Frederick Kuh, who came down to inaugurate the series. We hoped for fifty. Only a hundred could be seated in the crowded room and fifty more were turned away.

Kuh talked on Post-War Germany. He did a fine job and was agreeably surprised at the caliber of the questions. So many fellows are starved for an opportunity to get some information on day-to-day political maneuverings as well as the plans shaping up for the post-war world. We have arranged for Harold Laski, Kingsley Martin, Ed Murrow, and Colonel Walter Eliot to come to subsequent forums. I believe there is a growing interest among the fellows in things political. I know my *Nations, PM, New Statesman, Tribunes,* etc. get an ever-widening circulation.

The education pamphlets prepared by the army rest quietly on the desks of the various adjutants at this field. I understand the program sponsored by Agar is still not compulsory in the Air Corps.

There is still very, very much to be done in the way of army education. F. D. R. may pay a high price because he failed to inspire his soldiers with the Four Freedoms. They could have been inspired and educated so that on their return they would have demanded fulfilment of the various promises to the world and to themselves. Instead, most

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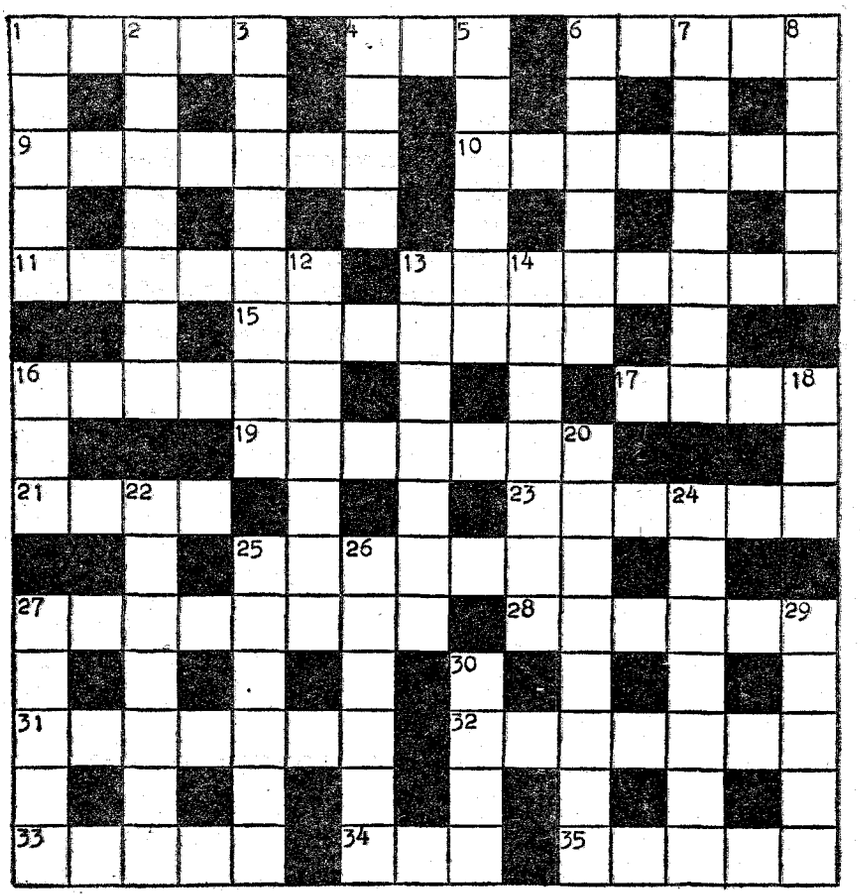
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 42

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 It was admitted to statehood in 1890
4 This calls for a little study
6 Horses and carts have them
9 For the surgeon an essential instrument, but for the short engineer an afterthought
10 Hero of a famous epic
11 Small in itself, but expensive in the lump
13 Spree which includes a carol about America
15 Just the ingredients for a rarebit, admits the umpire
16 Refined state of a reformed she-cat
17 River which most emphatically exists
19 Would be all smiles if I were out of it
21 Therefore stop in London's foreign quarter
23 A disguised singer is on the throne
25 Does it disturb you to see the rising sun in the ascendant here? (two words, 3 and 4)
27 Shows how puritans reformed a once notorious Russian character
28 Profitable result of beheading a beginner
31 Carry through successfully (two words, 4 and 3)
32 A monarch around the present time should be intelligent
33 Feminine name
34 You can't have one standing
35 Occurs in "The Men of Harlech"

DOWN

1 It might be finer
2 Chrysalis of an insect
3 Dines not wisely, but too well
4 Bitten by the fallen
5 Sweetmeat that will make Aunt go
6 He came between Polk and Fillmore
7 Persists in pressing
8 Sal is in the cordage business
12 Why say cargo when it's "ship meant"?
13 Orson Welles's Mr. Kane was so called
14 This setback might have been severer
16 The commanding-officer's greenmeat?
18 Help!
20 Begin (two words, 3 and 5)
22 The groom's best man, possibly
24 Sound of battle
25 They ruled England from 1485 to 1603
26 You would have seen his Tour in the Champ-de-Mars when last you saw Paris
27 Climbers often are
29 Were this knave to lose his heart he would be a rake indeed!
30 Give it a miss

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 41

ACROSS:—1 AMERICAN; 8 ATTACHE; 9 BLINKERS; 10 SCRAWLS; 12 SPIED; 13 CHOKER; 14 SEVER; 15 ERNEST; 17 STOUT; 22 BROOD; 23 STENCH; 24 SNORE; 26 EAGLET; 28 GONER; 29 CICADAS; 30 RADICALS; 31 CUTTING; 32 INTEREST.

DOWN:—1 AMBUSHED; 2 EDITIONS; 3 INKED; 4 AFRICA; 5 STOCK; 6 CABARET; 7 SHELLEY; 10 SORTS; 11 RESULT; 16 SPREAD; 18 FOOLS; 19 INUNDATE; 20 SHARP-SET; 21 ENVIOUS; 22 BREASTS; 25 STRAIN; 27 GAINS; 28 GUISE.

of the boys in England, for instance, will return hating the English and anxious for the kind of world described in the Nash-Kelvinator ads.

It is not correct to say that one can expect no more from the soldiers than from the civilians at home. Living under special conditions—with plenty of spare time and nearer the actual war—we could have been taught many things about the world as it is today and as it must be tomorrow if we or our kids are not to go to war soon again. It's when men are complaining—as they all inevitably do—about army life that they are ready to hear about ways and means of creating a world of full production in which war will not reoccur.

I am afraid the opportunity has been lost to do a mass job, but it is never too late to give the interested individuals an opportunity for further development.

SERGEANT

Somewhere in England, November 14

CONTRIBUTORS

LIEUTENANT E. S. BENDINER, a navigator with the United States Eighth Air Force in England, has just completed his twenty-fifth combat flight.

KURT R. GROSSMAN was formerly secretary general of the League for Human Rights.

ROBERT FITZGERALD is well known as a translator of Greek plays. A volume of his poems will be published soon by New Directions.

ODELL SHEPARD won the Pulitzer prize for biography in 1937 with "Pedlar's Progress," a life of Bronson Alcott.

LEIGH WHITE was a foreign correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System in 1941 and 1942, spending much of his time in the Balkans.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER, drama critic of *PM*, is the author of "Kings and Desperate Men: Life in Eighteenth-Century England" and editor of "An Anthology of Light Verse."

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